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THE FALL OF SAGUNTUM

Philip Frowde.

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THE

Fall of *SAGUNTUM.*

A

TRAGEDY.

Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

THE

Fall of *SAGUNTUM.*

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by *PHIL. FROWDE*, Esq;

At vos Sidereæ, quas nulla æquaverit ætas,
Ite decus terrarum animæ, venerabile vulgus,
Elysium, & castas sedes decorate Piorum.
SIL. ITA. de Bel. Pun.

LONDON:

Printed for J. CROKATT, at the *Golden Key* in *Fleet-street*,
and T. WOOD, Printer in *Little-Britain*;
And Sold by J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.*

M DCC XXVII.

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To the Right Honourable

Sir *Robert Walpole*,

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,

IF from preſuming thus to addreſs myſelf to a Taſte the moſt Juſt and Diſtinguiſh'd, I ſhould happen to labour under an Imputation of having conſulted my Vanity, my

my Pride, and indeed my Ambition, more than the Intereſt of my *Saguntum*,

I have This to reply;

That Thoſe Judges need not look far back to be reminded of the Fate of the poor *Catalans*, thoſe *Saguntine Deſcendants*, and of that *Patriot* too, who then ventured *ad* Aras *uſq*; if being ſent to the *Tower* may be ſo render'd with Propriety.

So that let the Colouring be never ſo Faint, and the Hand never ſo Inexpert, which has drawn the *Portraiture*; yet I will flatter my ſelf with an Aſſurance of His Patronage, who in Defence of *their* brave Poſterity, dared once to diſplay the utmoſt *Force* of *Eloquence* at a *Criſis*, when to endeavour only to teach us the Inglorioufneſs of ſuch a Deſertion, *prepoſterouſly* became little leſs than *capital*.

Thus carrying the Eye attentively on from that Juncture to this, the ſame Irreproachable Strain of Conduct muſt ſtrike every True *Briton* with a ſuitable Pleaſure; and engage him to

own, that the *Condition* of our *Affairs* can never be expreſs'd by any *Art* of *Deſcription* ſo well as by a View of the Effects; I mean, the ſenſible *Happineſs* of every Day's Experience:

AND, that the beſt Way of forming a Judgment upon our National Credit muſt be from ſurveying it's preſent *Steadineſs*, amidſt ſuch Armaments, and Rumours of War.

AND, in fine, that wherever moſt might be advantageouſly ſaid with an *Hiſtorical* Faithfulneſs, the leaſt will be heard or ſuffer'd, Sir, with your *Approbation*.

YET ſo far, without any divining Gift, I can take upon me to pronounce, from my early knowledge of that firſt *Dawn*, and Promiſe of Genius in You, at *Eton*; That while You bring the *Learning* and *Arts* of *Greece* and *Rome* into the Cabinet; either *that* to inſtruct in the Depths of Reaſoning; or *theſe* in the Rules of *Governing*; no Impreſſion can ever be made to our Prejudice, from the *Intreigues* or *Menaces* of a *Foreign Power*.

BUT

BUT while I am purſuing a *Subject* ſo truly agreeable to me, I had almoſt forgot to provide an Anſwer to thoſe Criticks, who may poſſibly wonder at the Appearance of an *African Amazon* within the Walls of *Saguntum:* But if the honeſt *Precedent* and *Authority* of *Silius Italicus* can ſtand me in no Stead with them upon this Incident, I muſt e'en take the Confidence of ſhielding my ſelf under *that Wing*, where All the *Dearer Intereſts* of *Great-Britain* are ſo inviolably ſecured. I am,

SIR,

With a moſt unreſerv'd Zeal,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

PHILIP FROWDE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *THEOBALD*;
And Spoken by Mr. *QUIN*.

WHEN awful Rome *became the ſavage Spoil*
Of wild Ambition, and of factious Broil;
When by the Ruin Tyrant Nero *roſe,*
Lucan *found Cauſe for Triumph from her Woes:*
He pardon'd all the Civil Sword had done,
And bleſs'd the War, which fix'd That Nero's *Throne.*

So, poor Saguntum! *tho' we juſtly rate*
Thy mighty Suff'rings and diſaſtrous Fate;
Yet if the dread Misfortune give us Right
To claim the Tragic Pleaſures of To-night,
Well art thou fall'n,—— more nobly here to riſe,——
And boaſt thy Doom, bewept by Britiſh *Eyes!*
Well is your Famine paid, and well your Flame,
Which blazes ſtill the diſtant Theme of Fame.

Britons, *our Scene a pompous Tale diſplays*
Of Woes unmatch'd on the Records of Praiſe;
A Patriot-People, who Death's Terrors ſcorn,
But dread the Breach of Leagues, and Friendſhip ſworn:
The willing Victims to a virtuous Name,
All periſh greatly, not to live with Shame.
The brave Example pictur'd to your Eyes,
Be juſt, and your own Virtues recognize:

PROLOGUE.

Applaud the Bard, whoſe artful Muſe has known
To trace the Springs of Worth, ſo much your own.
Our Britiſh *Arms this gen'rous Pride avow,*
To guard Allies,—— and Empires to beſtow.——

If We did e'er to our own Honours fail;
If e'er unhappy Counſels did prevail
To let a brave Confed'rate miſs our Aid,
Be That ill-fated Period thrown in Shade!
Or, to eraſe the memorable Blame,
Let's mend by Glory what we can't diſclaim!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *YOUNGER.*

BLESS me! what means this Crowding here to Day?
Sure, no Conſpiracy, to damn the Play.
Beaux, can there be ſuch mortal Spleen in you?
Or is't meer Want of Something elſe to do?
I've hit it —— for, methought, I heard you ſay,
" *Pr'ythee, does* Violante *ſhew to Day?——*
" *But for our Plays, gads-curſe, they're all ſuch Stuff:—*
" *Yet* Wagner *and* Abericock *is well enough.*

For us, our Bard perſuades us, that he means
To form this Moral from his Tragic Scenes;
That, after all, there is ſome Sort of Merit
In that old faſhion'd Thing, call'd, Publick Spirit.

We'll

EPILOGUE.

We'll grant him then, at leaſt for ought we know,
There might have liv'd, two thouſand Years ago,
Such errant Patriots, ſuch poor virtuous Elves,
As ſtill preferr'd the Publick to themſelves.———
At our Aſſemblies had they paſs'd their Nights,
Or ſtood one Stripping *at the* Den *at* White's,
The good Saguntines *ſcarce had prov'd ſo ſteady,*
But every prudent Man had touch'd the Ready.

As for poor Fabius, *once I gave him over,*
And almoſt loſt the General in the Lover.
Methought, he found his Dearee *ſo inviting,*
He'd more a Mind to ſomething elſe than fighting.
Juſt ſo 'twould happen here, — ſhould War's Alarms
Summon our powder'd Heroes to their Arms;
Lord, what a Buſtle would there be, what Rout!
What Friends, what Int'reſt making — to ſell out.
There, all our Beaux would emulate our Roman:
Ah! Ladies, —They're the Soldiers for a Woman.

Well, — you have ſeen our beſt Endeavours us'd,
To grace a Work our Rivals had refus'd.
'Tis yours, to judge the injur'd Poet's Cauſe,
And give him full Revenge in your Applauſe:
Then view our willing Toils with friendly Eyes,
And, from Saguntum's *Fall, this Theatre ſhall riſe.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

SICORIS, Governour of *Saguntum*.	Mr. *Boheme*.
MURRUS, his Son, in Love with *Candace*.	Mr. *Walker*.
EURYDAMAS, the Villain.	Mr. *Quin*.
THERON, Chief Prieſt of *Hercules*.	Mr. *Hulett*.
LYCORMAS, an Under Prieſt, Confederate with *Eurydamas*.	Mr. *Diggs*.
FABIUS, a Young *Roman*, in Love with *Timandra*.	Mr. *Ryan*.
CURTIUS, another *Roman*, his Friend.	Mr. *Milward*.
Firſt *Saguntine*.	Mr. *Ogden*.

WOMEN.

CANDACE, an *Amazon* Queen, Captive to *Fabius*, and in Love with him.	Mrs. *Berriman*.
TIMANDRA, Daughter to *Sicoris*, in Love with *Fabius*.	Mrs. *Bullock*.

SCENE, within the Walls of SAGUNTUM, as beſieged by *Hannibal*.

THE

THE
Fall of SAGUNTUM.

ACT I.

SCENE, *before the* Temple.

Enter FABIUS *and* CURTIUS.

Fab. THE Day returns, and with it our Reproach,
Th'eternal Infamy of guilty *Rome*.
Shall then the Sun, O *Curtius*, ſhame a *Roman?*
And muſt we ſhrowd ourſelves in Night's dark Covert?
The Night, that ſcantling gives the Villain Comfort,
His ſhort Viciſſitude from conſcious Thought.

Curt. Partaker in the Grief, unable to refute,
I hear theſe Words fall from a *Roman* Tongue;
Fruitleſs the Search, nor can we ought alledge,
To ſalve the wounded Honour of our Country:
What ſhall our Foes report?

Fab. ——————— Ah, rather ſay,
What ſhall our Friends, the greatly wrong'd *Saguntines?*

By

By Heav'n, I'd rather face a Troop of Foes,
Than meet one injur'd Friend; yet here, alas!
Thy ſelf excepted, I ſee none but ſuch.
Nay, thou art injur'd too; thy conſtant Friendſhip
Has drawn thee into a long Train of Woes.
Curt. Fabius; no more, I beg thee, on that Subject;
Can'ſt thou then think me recreant at the laſt?
Or will my Friend grudge me my Share of Glory,
The late, but ſure, Reward of manly Bearing?
Know, I rejoice that I am with thee here;
Know, I rejoice that I ſhall with thee fall:
For fall, 'tis ſure, we muſt; nor let thy Love
For fair *Timandra* give thee other Thoughts.
We muſt not live to ſee the City taken;
But, bravely dying in *Saguntum*'s Cauſe,
May our Blood expiate our Country's Shame.
Fab. When Life with Honour comes in Competition,
To thee I need not, ſure, point out my Choice;
And yet thy Words have rais'd a Tempeſt in me,
A Storm that ſhatters, and o'erbears all Reaſon.
Did'ſt thou not, *Curtius*, ſay, The City taken?
Shall *Fabius* live to ſee that diſmal Scene?
Oh, no; and yet, methinks, I ſhould; for where
Shall poor *Timandra*, lovely, wretched Maid,
Then fly for Refuge from ſome *Lybian*'s Luſt?
O Torture, Torture! can I bear the Thought!
Shall ſhe not then, in Bitterneſs of Soul,
In the ſharp Anguiſh of her bleeding Heart,
When the hot Slave, fir'd at her nearer Charms,
Shall drag her from the Altar to Pollution,
With unavailing Shrieks call out for *Fabius?*
Oh, *Curtius*, Oh! [*Leans upon him.*
Curt. Ceaſe to torment thy brave, yet tender Heart
With Ills imaginary, which the Gods,
If I aright divine, ſhall never ſuffer.
Nor would the Maid, ſo far I deem her noble,
Protract her Life to ſuch a fatal Period.
For, ſure, in that ſoft Mould are often caſt

Heroick,

Heroick, manly Souls; th' illuſtrious Names
Of *Clelia* and *Lucrece* adorn our Annals.
Their fair Example, and the *Roman* Blood,
That warms the generous *Timandra*'s Heart,
Should fire her Soul to worthy Emulation.
Thus, do I think, would act thy noble Captive,
The fam'd *Candace*, *Amazonian* Queen;
She, who ſubmitted to thy Arm alone;
While circling Foes ſtood at a Bay around her.
But ſay, how bears her haughty Soul Reſtraint,
The double Bonds of Servitude and Love?

Fab. 'Tis there, alas! begins my doubled Woe;
'Tis there I find Alternatives of Grief.
To love and be belov'd, yet not poſſeſs,
Is Pain ſufficient to a doating Heart;
To be belov'd, yet have not to repay,
Is ample Torture to a grateful Soul.
Yet ſo ſtands my Account. 'Tis ſure, the Queen
But ill would brook Captivity, did not Love,
Superiour to all Cares, take up her Soul:
Love there's a turbulent, unruly Gueſt;
For what in others of the Sex is Softneſs,
In her ſeems but a gentler kind of Frenzy:
While, with becoming Pride, that chides my Coldneſs,
Sh' avows a Paſſion which I dare not ſee.

Curt. But, lo! the Temple of *Alcides* opens,
Saguntum's Founder, and her Tutelar God.

Fab. In him we alſo boaſt as near a Claim,
The mighty Author of the *Fabian* Race;
Let us go in, and pay our Morning Worſhip.

Curt. Yet ſtay thee, *Fabius*; for the Prieſts come forth,
As in ſome grave Proceſſion, two by two,
Preceding their great Chief.

[*Enter, as from the Temple,* THERON, *attended by the Prieſts; who, after waiting on him out, retire back into the Temple.*]

Fab. —— The Warriour *Theron*.

E'er

E'er ſince the Siege began, in Prayers inceſſant,
Or warlike Toils, the brave and pious Prieſt
Labours his Country's Cauſe; his lofty Stature
Suits well the Enſigns of his God; which ſee
This Day he wears, to many a ſooty *Lybian*
Portending ſure Deſtruction; he approaches.
Hail to thee, worthy *Theron!*

Curt. ——— *Theron*, hail!

Ther. Good Day to both, ye noble Pair of *Romans*;
Had two more ſuch, with *Hector* and *Æneas*,
Defended *Ilium*'s Walls, they now had ſtood;
It's Fate had been revers'd, and into *Greece*
The War's Deſtruction hurl'd; but Hoſtile Gods,
As then to *Troy*, now doom *Saguntum*'s Fall:
And haughty *Juno*, unrelenting Step-dame
Of the great God, whoſe memorable Deeds
Have fill'd Fame's hundred Mouths, our glorious Founder,
Wreaks her inſatiate Malice on his People.

Fab. Rightly thou haſt deſcrib'd the vengeful Goddeſs,
Invet'rate Foe to the whole *Dardan* Race,
The partial Patroneſs of faithleſs *Carthage:*
But when I ſtile her faithleſs, how, oh *Theron*,
Shall I behold thy Face, or how throw off
The great Reproach, which thou, with upright Tongue,
Might'ſt well retort upon the *Roman* Name?

Ther. I would not in that manner wrong thy Virtues,
Thou brave Young Man: Has not thy fatal Sword
Dealt Death and Havock to *Saguntum*'s Foes?
Art thou not here amongſt a wretched People
By thy own Choice, the City's great Defender,
Thy ſelf attoning for an abſent Hoſt?
T' inſult thy noble Nature were a Crime
My Soul diſdains, and far beneath a Man:
Reproach and Obloquy are Female Vengeance.

Curt. How gen'rouſly he waves the ſhameful Subject,

Con-

Converting into Praiſe the great Diſgrace!
If their own Eulogies the Brave may hear,
They're doubly welcome from a Mouth like thine.
Fab. Theron, I know the Candour of thy Soul,
Too great to join the Guiltleſs with the Guilty;
Yet ſhall it be ſufficient, that we Two
Have not to anſwer for the City's Ruin?
What ſhall our Fathers, *Lentulus* and *Fabius*,
What ſhall the Fathers of once glorious *Rome*,
Th' aſſembled Senate ſay? where heretofore
The Nations wide, next to the Gods themſelves,
Appeal'd for Juſtice from th' Oppreſſor's Sword;
While now—— Oh Heav'ns! I ſhame to ſay the reſt.
Ther. That *Roman* Parents, to their darling Glory,
Have ſacrific'd their Offspring, well I know;
Witneſs ſtern *Manlius*, and the juſter *Brutus*;
But then thoſe Children had thrown off Obedience,
And to ſtrict Juſtice paid their forfeit Lives:
But That, brave Youths, neither to you, nor us,
Can kindred *Rome* impute; in Nought have we
Swerv'd from the ſteady Principles of Honour.
If, to be firm and conſtant to our Leagues,
Be to offend, then greatly we've offended;
If, to endure the laſt Extremities
Of Sword and Famine merits Deſolation,
Juſtly are we abandon'd:——
Fab. Hold, I beg thee,
O gentle *Theron*, hold; thy Words, like Daggers,
Pierce my ſad Heart, fill my ſwol'n Eyes with Tears,
And lay the great Calamity before them.
Ther. If in the Contemplation of our Woes,
Full of the Miſeries *Saguntum* feels,
My Tongue gave Utterance to ſome harſh Words,
Excuſe a Weakneſs due to my loſt Country;
Nor did I farther mean.
Curt. ——————Sparing, indeed,
And lightly, doſt thou touch on *Rome*'s Offence;
But yet, for ſo would my ſad Heart perſuade,

The News, perhaps, has never reach'd her Shore.
Ther. Too ſure, alas! the well-appointed Veſſel
With favourable Gales has plow'd her Paſſage,
And muſt, long ſince, have enter'd *Tyber*'s Mouth.
But what I rather think, excuſe me, *Romans*,
Some wretched Stateſmen, aukward Politicians,
Rude in the Task, unequal to the Burthen,
Or brib'd, perchance, with *Carthaginian* Gold,
Now ſway her Senate, and give up her Honour.
Fab. Can there be ſuch in that Auguſt Aſſembly?
If ſuch there be, who to ſiniſter Ends
To ſordid Views now ſacrifice her Fame;
The *Roman* Genius ſhall, I truſt, hereafter
Find out the Perfidy; and with Reproach
To future Times, mark their diſtinguiſh'd Names.
Ther. Mean while, let us perform the Tasks of Virtue,
That well become the Soldier and the Man:
I think, you came to worſhip; ſee, the Gates
Are open, and the Prieſts attend the Altar;
Enter and ſupplicate the God's Aſſiſtance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EURYDAMAS.

Eur. Sure, *Theron* ſaw me not; for if he did,
He may expect I ſhould attend his Rites;
But I have Work in hand of ſecret Purpoſe,
And ſecret need be all its wary Steps.
The Morn is waxing old; and e'er this Hour
My truſty Prieſt ſhould from the adverſe Camp
Return, and bring the *Tyrian*'s laſt Reſolves.—
Honour! why do'ſt thou rack my Breaſt in vain?
Fine, ſpecious, airy Name, whoſe outward Show
Turns giddy Brains, and out of Fools makes Madmen!
This curs'd Diſtemper has poſſeſs'd the People;
Who, blindly doating on their own Deſtruction,
Seem fond of Havock, and enjoy a Famine.——
What Ties have I to Faith? In point of Kindred,
I am not bound; what, tho' *Saguntine* born?
The *Daunian* Blood flows not within my Veins:

From

From *Grecian* Anceſtors I trace my Lineage,
A gen'rous Race, who, under great *Alcides*,
Fixt here their Seat, and rais'd theſe lofty Walls.
I'm anxious for this ſlow-pac'd Prieſt's Return:
But, ſoft! the Noiſe of Feet— *Lycormas*—

Enter LYCORMAS.

Lyc. ——————————— He:
I've ſhifted Garb, and am again the Prieſt.
Eur. What, from the *Carthaginian?*
Lyc. ——————————— He expects,
In Confirmation that our Zeal is true,
The Captive Queen be made by our Procurement,
The truſty Pledge, and inſtantly reſtor'd.
Eur. It ſhall be ſo— the Anſwer ſpeaks him well;
At once declares the Gen'ral and the Lover.
Yet dang'rous, ſure, and difficult the Task
To render back *Candace* to his Wiſhes!
But, what ſhall not aſpiring Hopes attempt?
Lyc. And with Succeſs, perhaps; but ſhould that fail,
At leaſt we've play'd an artful Aftergame.
I've ſown my Poyſon thick i'th' *Tyrian*'s Breaſt;
That his falſe Miſtreſs feels her Victor's Charms,
And that the *Roman* meets her proffer'd Flame.
Hence, *Fabius*, when he next goes out to Battle,
Shall, with returning Steps, ne'er reach the City,
But fall a Victim to th' invented Tale.
Eur. Too fine, I fear me, haſt thou wove the Web
Of thy Deſign; true, the fictitious Part,
That he ſhould love *Candace*, bears good Meaning;
But, then the Truth, that ſhe indeed loves him,
Should, to my Thought, have never been reveal'd.
It may, perhaps, incline his haughty Soul
To ſlight the keeping of her fickle Heart.
Lyc. Canſt thou be ſuch a Novice in that Paſſion?
Or, art thou ſuch a Stranger to thy ſelf?
Examine thy own Breaſt, and truly tell me,
Whence flows thy Hatred to the noble *Fabius?*

Is not *Timandra*'s Love the real Source?
Shall the ſame Cauſe then in the *Tyrian*'s Heart
Not have the ſame Effect? it ſhall, it has:
I tell thee, Friend, if *Hannibal* himſelf,
Joyn'd by the choiceſt of his Troops in War,
Can make the *Roman* bleed, his Fate is fix'd.

Eur. Thy Words have Weight; ſure, if there be a Joy
Tranſcends the Raptures ev'n of proſp'rous Love,
It muſt be when our diſappointed Paſſion
Finds full Revenge upon a hated Rival,
And in the Fav'rite ſtabs th' ungrateful Fair.

Lyc. Enjoy the Thought, for ſuch ſhall prove th' Event;
The mighty Chief, inflam'd at my Relation,
Demanded how in Battle he ſhould know him.
For, tho' his warlike Name he oft had heard;
And fatal Sword had made *Candace* Captive;
Yet ſuch their Deſtiny and Chance of War,
They never in the bloody Field had met.
I anſwer'd ſhort, his Arms might well denote him,
The Milk-white Plume that nodded on his Helmet,
And *Roman* Eagle that adorn'd his Shield;
But that beyond all theſe, his mighty Arm,
Cutting its Paſſage through the firmeſt Ranks,
With horrid Slaughter ſhould diſtinguiſh *Fabius*.

Eur. I think, thou wer't enamour'd on the *Roman*,
Thy Tongue grew laviſh in his fulſome Praiſe,
And wonder much the Chief could bear thy Language.

Lyc. Again, but ill the *Tyrian* doſt thou meaſure;
My Words, indeed, inſpired his Soul with Rage,
A gen'rous Flame that kindled for the Battle:
Invet'rate there would he purſue his Life,
When from the Field he knows to prize his Valour,
And own the Honours that his Virtue merits.
From Principles like theſe his Thoughts are form'd,
And hence, I think, it was he talk'd of *Murrus*.

Eur. Ha! ſaid'ſt thou, *Murrus!* did he ſpeak of him?

Lyc.

Lyc. He did; and with moſt honourable Mention,
That well became a noble Adverſary;
He prais'd the gallant Actions of the Youth;
Wiſh'd him his Friend, that meriting his Favour,
Should Obſtinacy ſtill poſſeſs the City,
And our Deſigns to give it to his Hands
By ſome ſiniſter Chance abortive prove,
Mercy might find him in the gen'ral Ruin.

Eur. I will improve the Hint, and ſtir up *Murrus*;
He loves me well, and wiſhes me his Siſter, [*Aſide.*
Irreconcilable in Hate to *Fabius:*
Then he is bold, vindictive, and impetuous,
Nor brooks a Rival in his Love, or Glory;
His Popularity, as well as Power,
Will, if we gain him, further much our Purpoſe:
Yet not at firſt will I diſcloſe the Whole
Of our Intent; but playing with his Paſſions,
Win him, that in Concurrence with the People,
He from his Father ſhall demand *Candace*,
Thoughtleſs that we deſign to ſet her free.

Lyc. Succeſs attend th'Attempt, as a good Omen
To our chief Work; if Fortune favour that,
The City's Government ſhall then be thine,
The Gift of *Hannibal*, and mine the Prieſthood. [*Exit.*

Eur. Perhaps, not ſo; ſhould *Murrus* ſhare the Conduct
Of this our dark and hardy Enterprize,
Too much already in the *Tyrian*'s Favour:
Nor can I form a Thought, a Gleam of Hope,
His Honour is to be ſeduc'd ſo far:
Howe'er, at Leiſure, I ſhall better weigh it,
For, to the preſent Purpoſe, here he comes.

Enter MURRUS.

Mur. Eurydamas, well met; I came to ſeek thee;
But, who was he that quitted now the Place?

Eur. It was the Prieſt *Lycormas*; he, thou know'ſt,
Is of my Blood, as well as neareſt Friendſhip;
A right good Man he is, and worthy well

To've

To've wore the Honours which thy partial Father
Gave from his juſt and elder Hopes to *Theron.*
Theron, who favours the perfidious *Romans*;
Theron, who palliates their baſe Treachery,
And ſpeaks of *Fabius* as a new *Alcides.*

Mur. Curſe on his gloſſing Tongue! his artful Words,
That ſwell each Pigmy Action to a Giant.
The glaring Lights, in which he ſets to view
The *Romans* Deeds, dazzle *Saguntine* Eyes,
And make them blind to their own Country's Merit.
What has his Sword done more than mine in Battle?
When in the labour'd Field was I behind him?
Unleſs returning from the warlike Toil. ———
The Tale of ſlaughter'd Foes, if right computed,
Would ſet large Numbers upon *Murrus* Side;
And ſhould their Names be weigh'd in Glory's Ballance,
His light and trifling Scale would kick the Beam.

Eur. His Pride is gaul'd; now let me fire his Love.
[*Aſide.*
Murrus, thou know'ſt I love thee as a Brother,
And ſuch did my fond Heart once think to call thee,
'Till this curſt *Fabius* robb'd me of that Hope;
Then ſure thou can'ſt not doubt I hate the *Roman*,
Our commmon Rival, Bane to both our Paſſions;
'Tis true, he ſays, he only loves *Timandra*,
And ſeemingly neglects the Captive Queen;
Yet ———

Mur. ——— What?

Eur. —— 'Tis but, perhaps, Surmiſe; ———

Mur. ———— Howe'er
Give it.

Eur. Should *Fabius*, brave tho' we allow him,
Yet as a *Roman* he may well prove falſe,
Weighing Events, revolving in his Thoughts
The mighty Ruin that hangs hov'ring o'er us,
Fly with his Pris'ner to the *Tyrian* Camp,
And at her Ranſom, buy his ſhameful Peace?
I ſay, this he may do ———

Mur.

Mur. —— Ceaſe, ceaſe to dwell
Upon that jarring String, it grates harſh Diſcord,
Ruffles my Soul, and ſhudders in my Blood.
Curſt be the Day that ſhe came forth to Battle,
Accurſt the Chance that gave her to his Sword:
Had it been mine, our Fates had been more equal,
And we had each been Conquerour in turn,
She to my Arm, I to her Beauty, Captive.
What's to be done, *Eurydamas?*

Eur. —— —— Only this,
To ſpread Suſpicions that the Queen's unſafe
Beneath the Roof of *Fabius.* — This believ'd,
Contrive ſhe may become our Charge: ——

Mur. —— —— The Means?

Eur. The People. Thou wer't once their chiefeſt Darling:
Go, try what may be done by Blandiſhments;
Stoop from thy haughty Soul, and court their Favour;
Inſinuate to them as a certain Truth,
What barely we ſurmiſe, th' intended Flight;
Enrag'd, they ſhall demand her of thy Father,
I'll follow ſtrait, and join my utmoſt Arts.

Mur. It ſhall be done, I will not loſe a Moment: [*Going.*
But haſte thee after, for my Stay with them
Can be but ſhort; my Father's Riſing calls me. [*Exit.*

Eur. The Bait is ſwallow'd, and the hot-brain'd Youth
Ne'er gave himſelf the Leiſure to conſider.
Sedition, thou art up; and in the Ferment
To what may not the madding Populace,
Gather'd together for they ſcarce know what,
Now loud proclaiming their late whiſper'd Griefs,
Be wrought at length? Perhaps, to yield the City.
Thus where the *Alps* their airy Ridge extend,
Gently, at firſt, the melting Snows deſcend,
From the broad Slopes with murm'ring Lapſe they glide,
In ſoft Meanders down the Mountains Side;

But

But lower fall'n, Streams, with each other croſt,
From Rock to Rock, impetuouſly are toſt,
'Till in the *Rhone*'s capacious Bed they're loſt;
United there, roll rapidly away
And roaring reach, o'er rugged Rocks, the Sea.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Houſe of* FABIUS.

Enter CANDACE.

Can. HOW poor a thing is Empire! and how vain,
To pride ourſelves upon its ſhort-liv'd Glories!
The mightieſt Monarchs of the peopled Earth
Are ſtill the Subjects to Capricious Fortune;
And, when ſhe frowns, the Height on which they ſit
Makes but their Fall more dreadful and conſpicuous.
A fatal Inſtance to the World am I,
My ſelf a Queen, and great *Hiarbas*' Daughter;
Yet what avail'd his far-extended Sway?
What boots it, to have been the Son of *Ammon?*
On yonder Hoſtile Plain in Death he lies,
His Daughter Captive to a petty State:
Yet is not This the Sum of my Afflictions;
For to my Pride's Confuſion, ——but He's here——

Enter FABIUS.

Fab. Pardon th' Intruſion that proceeds from Joy,
The Joy I have to bring you pleaſing News.
The Governour propoſes to your Chief
On honourable Terms to ſet you free;
And ſuch, as were I *Hannibal*, ſhould ask
No ſecond Thought, impatient as he is

Of

Of Oppoſition, and the War prolong'd.
Can. If thou wert He, thou would'ſt be wondrous kind
No Doubt! *Candace* then ſhould have great Power!
Talk'ſt thou of Suppoſitions! what thou would'ſt do!
Curſt, curſt Evaſion of my proffer'd Love,
That meets for Gratitude colluſive Words!
Well the *Saguntines* may reproach thy Country,
If they, like thee, know no Return of Merit.
Fab. Much am I injur'd in that Thought, fair Princeſs;
My Soul's true Sentiments but little known.
With grateful Heart I meet your valued Friendſhip,
And deem it Honour done me by the Gods,
That to my Lot it fell, in the rude Conflict,
To ſave you from th' unequal Chance of War.
Can. Would I had periſh'd there! — obdurate Man!
Still wilt thou wreſt the Purport of my Words?
[*Turns.*
I ſpoke of Love; what doſt thou mean by Friendſhip?
Well may'ſt thou turn aſide, thy conſcious Eyes
Dare not behold the Beauties they have ſlighted;
Charms, that have made rough *Hannibal* a Lover,
Whilſt *Africk*'s purpled Monarchs ſwell the Train;
Yet now their Influence is loſt; to thee
A Queen, an *Amazon*, is forc'd to ſue.
But wherefore rave I? Can the Trumpet's Sound
Give noble Ardour, where the Ear is deaf?
The glorious Sun, that ſets off Nature's Face,
Shines unperceiv'd by thick and filmy Eyes:
Is this Politeneſs? Theſe your *Roman* Arts?
For this, the Nations round ſtil'd barbarous?
Inſenſible, poor Wretch! I'll learn to ſcorn thee.
Fab. What ſhall I ſay, Illuſtrious Maid, to calm
This Guſt of Paſſion, Tumult of thy Soul?
'Tis ſure to you I muſt appear ungrateful,
At leaſt a ſtupid, deſpicable Slave,
Devoid of Senſe, and dead to Beauty's Call:

Yet Heav'n can tell how much I prize your Worth,
The joint Perfections both of Soul and Form;
Think not, a *Roman* can be Foe to Love;
We own his Pow'r, nor does your warmer Sun
Shine yet but faintly on our Neighbour Coaſt.
With Admiration I behold your Beauty,
Your graceful Figure, and conſummate Charms:
Unarm'd, great *Juno*'s Majeſty you wear:
When in the Field, you look another *Pallas*;
And, could the Goddeſs boaſt thy various Graces,
To her the *Trojan* Youth had giv'n the Prize.

Can. Were I that *Pallas*, thou the Shepherd *Paris*,
(And ſure the Shepherd's Part would ſuit thee well,)
Soft *Cytherea* would engage thy Choice,
As now *Timandra* bears it from *Candace*. [*Starts.*
Ha! ſtart'ſt thou, *Roman?* Have I told thee falſe?

Fab. Well then, the Secret's out; which, for thy Peace,
Induſtrious did my Tongue ſtrive to conceal;
Yet ſince thou haſt it, I'll avow my Paſſion;
The lambent, unextinguiſhable Flame,
Which her ſoft Eyes, and yet more gentle Virtues,
Have kindled in the faithful Breaſt of *Fabius*.

Can. Am I rejected for a puling Girl?
A fondling, ſoft, domeſtick Animal;
Whoſe wondrous Talent, whoſe Perfection is
To weave ſome pretty Story in the Loom;
Or with her Lute ſoften yet more her Soul;
A cooing Turtle that bemoans its Mate,
Inſipid Creature, form'd without a Gall.

Fab. Her Talents are not maſculine, indeed;
To wield the Sword, to ſtrain the twanging Yew,
To laſh the foaming Steeds, and drive the Car
With rapid Wheels o'er mangled Carcaſſes,
She knows not: Theſe are *Amazonian* Virtues.
Yet is ſhe not the leſs replete with Honour,
And nobleſt Sentiments confirm her Soul.
With Female Softneſs ſhe bewails her Country,

With manly Patience ſhe partakes its Hardſhips;
Whilſt the poor Pittance, dol'd about with Caution,
To fence againſt, that meager Fiend, the Famine,
In Pity ſhe divides with ſome ſtary'd Soldier.

Can. 'Tis vain, I ſee, to ſtruggle with my Fate;
Yet will my Paſſion make one laſt Effort.
Now hear me, *Fabius*, and well weigh my Words.
The Terms thou talk'ſt of from the Governour,
Shall they with me give Freedom to thy ſelf?

Fab. Amazing Kindneſs! Can you think that he
Would offer thus? Or *Hannibal* accept?

Can. Then 'tis thy Artifice, and poor Invention,
To rid thy ſelf of my deteſted Love;
But ſince that cannot move thy Soul to Softneſs,
Conſider well the Dangers that ſurround thee;
Theſe nodding Walls, and their impending Ruin;
Short is their Date, and ſure Deſtruction waits them;
If Dangers move not, let Ambition fire thee.
Of martial Realms, *Gætulian* Chiefs, that ride
Swift without Bridle, of *Marmarick* Lands,
Thy Captive is the Queen; of theſe ſhe makes,
And of her Virgin Heart, vow'd heretofore
To the chaſte Huntreſs Queen, at once the Offer.—
Fly with me then from this ill-fated City;
Diſguis'd, thro' the *Sidonian* Troops I'll lead thee;
And when thy Foot is ſet on *Africk*'s Shore,
It's next Aſcent ſhall be to mount a Throne.

Fab. Now hear a *Roman* ſpeak: That offer'd Throne,
And what is yet more worth, thy glorious Self,
Were my Heart free, *Timandra* never known,
Should not win *Fabius* to forſake his Honour:
Too much already is my Country cenſur'd;
Shall I by Flight thus add to its Diſgrace?
Ignoble Thought! no, here my Fate ſhall find me;
In Faith's fair Cauſe I will reſign my Breath,
And dying ſhew, at leaſt, what *Romans* were:—
Yet thus in Gratitude I bow before thee,
Imploring the Good Gods on thy Behalf,

In Safety may'ſt thou reach thy native Land,
In Glory may'ſt thou reign its mighty Queen;
While ſome deſerving Monarch ſhares thy Bed,
Enjoying Beauties Fate deny'd to me.

Can. Are theſe thy Pray'rs? To me they are but Curſes;
And in Return what ſhould I beg for thee?
But my big Heart diſdains a further Converſe;
Thy own Stupidity be on thy Head,
For ſure, if not my Love could warm thy Breaſt,
In this at leaſt thy groveling Soul is ſhewn,
To ſpurn at Empire, and refuſe a Crown. [*Exit.*

Fab. 'Tis true, Ambition never was my View,
Tho' Glory ſtill has been my great Purſuit;
I would, by noble Actions in her Service,
Deſerve the utmoſt Honours of my Country,
Nor higher do my Thoughts affect to riſe.
And to a gen'rous Soul the virtuous Rule
O'er a free People, chearfully obeying,
Muſt bring more real, and ſublimer Joy,
Than can be in the moſt Deſpotick Sway.
But my own Paſſion now requires Attendance;
And more than time I paid it at the Palace.
The watchful Governour will ſoon come forth
To chear the People with his wonted Goodneſs;
And with his Preſence animate the Soldier. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Palace of the Governour.

Enter SICORIS, MURRUS *and* TIMANDRA.

Sic. Tho' twice four Moons the *Tyrian* has begirt,
With Troops unnumber'd as his *Africk* Sands,
Our Walls; yet ſtill, tho' ſhatter'd, they remain;
Our Tow'rs, tho' ſhaken, ſtill erect their Heads,
And threaten in their Fall to cruſh the Foe.

Mur. Thus low reduc'd, thus ſore diſtreſs'd by Famine,
The People ſtill retain their priſtine Valour;

Patient

Patient they ſuffer all the dire Extremes,
While Reſt and Suſtenance ſeem Things forgot.
Tim. With feeble Steps, upheld by diſus'd Spears,
Our aged Sires aſcend and man the Ramparts,
Pour thence in Pray'rs a Flood of Bleſſings down,
And chear with good Preſage their ſallying Sons.
Sic. And ſuch ſhould prove th' Event, were not their Strength
Impair'd by Want of Nature's due Refreſhments;
Strong in their Hearts alone, their Foes they ſeek,
With whom, when met, they deal but ſlender Blows.
Tim. Oh, glorious Love of Liberty and Truth!
Oh, pow'rful Force of pure unwav'ring Faith,
Saguntum's other Deity rever'd:
Relieve, thou Goddeſs, thy true Votaries,
And from thy bleſs'd Abode ſhow'r down Aſſiſtance.
Sic. Thou Pow'r divine! born before *Jove* himſelf!
At once the Glory both of Men and Gods,
Conſort of Juſtice, Deity confeſs'd
In ev'ry Boſom where thou deign'ſt to dwell;
Can'ſt thou, unmov'd, behold thy own *Saguntum*
Oppreſs'd with Woes ſurpaſſing humane Bearing?
Woes, that ſhe ſuffers for thy ſake alone?
For thee the People die, on thee they call,
The rueful Father, and deſpairing Matron,
While famiſh'd Infants learn to ſpeak thy Name;
Oh! let their innocent and piteous Cries
Pull down thy Vengeance on our cruel Foes.
Tim. This Day, my Father, have the Prieſts decreed,
Directed by their Chief, the pious *Theron*,
To paſs in ſolemn Pomp around the City;
With all due Rites and hallowed Ceremonies,
Invoking to our Aid *Alcmæna*'s Son.
At the ſame Time, attended by a Troop
Of nobleſt Virgins, ſhall *Timandra* go
To *Faith*'s chaſte Shrine; there proſtrate on the Floor,
Our Heads and Hands array'd in pureſt white,
We'll humbly join th' Oblation of our Pray'rs,

And

And from the Goddeſs beg her kind Protection.
Mur. In vain, I fear me, are thoſe Pray'rs prefer'd,
While Fate too cloſely preſſes on our State,
Giv'n up to Ruin by the faithleſs *Romans.*
Like our great Founder, are we doom'd to fall;
Who, after Labours moſt unparallel'd,
Became the Victim of baſe Treachery.
Sic. The War indeed is rather theirs than ours,
For *Hannibal*, through us, but aims at them;
With horrid Rites at *Proſerpine*'s dark Altar
Sworn by his Father, their invet'rate Foe,
Implacable he meditates the future War;
Already in his Thoughts the *Alps* are paſt;
The *Latian* Fields cover'd with Deſolation,
While floating Carcaſſes obſtruct the Streams;
His Thirſt of Blood and fierce Imagination
Ev'n now give *Rome* to his deſtructive Rage;
O'er the ſev'n Hills the *Tyrian* Flame aſcends,
And by himſelf the Capitol is fir'd.
Mur. By *Hercules*, ſhould all his Hopes be anſwer'd,
'Twould be but what their Perfidy deſerves;
Inglorioufly to ſit, and ſee a People
Fighting their Cauſe, allied in ſtricteſt League,
Receive Conditions from a merc'leſs Victor.
Sic. Let not thy Country's Love too far tranſport
Thy juſter Thoughts, my Son; for thou ſhalt find
The *Romans* ever were renown'd for Faith,
Rigid Obſervers of their ſacred Compacts,
And in their Word, once giv'n, inviolate;
Can the whole Earth produce another Inſtance
Equal to that of their great *Regulus?*
Immortal Man! thou doſt as far tranſcend
All other Heroes, as the Sun the Stars.
Mur. 'Tis true, and therefore ſhames their preſent Race:
He ſhou'd by's Truth, methinks, have been *Saguntine.*
Sic. Curb thy licentious Tongue, intemp'rate Boy,
Shalt thou preſume to ſcan *Rome*'s awful Councils?

The

The ſecret Springs, that move the Wheels of Empire,
Are wrought too ſubtle for Youth's giddy Eyes.
Aſſume not to thy ſelf, then, what's above thee;
Nor think opprobrious Language makes a Patriot.

Enter THERON.

Thy Steps are haſty, and thy Looks declare
That Haſte important; is there ought beſide,
Than that, perhaps, the Foe appears in Arms?

Ther. The Foe, I think, is got within our Walls;
A new inteſtine Foe, accurs'd Sedition:
The People mutiny, and thro' the Streets
Grumbling they mutter Treachery and *Fabius*,
The Captive Queen, and more ſuch idle Tales,
I heeded not; but hither bent me ſtraight,
To tell thee this ſo much unlook'd for Miſchief;
Be quick, and cruſh the Monſter in its Birth.

Tim. Oh! Sir, believe not, *Fabius* can be guilty
Of the leaſt Thought repugnant to his Honour;
Virtue to him is all the World can give,
He by her ſtricteſt Rules his Actions guides;
This is vile Calumny and baſe Aſperſion,
The ven'mous Offspring of ſome Villain's Brain,
Who hates the noble Youth for being *Roman*.

Sic. Thy Cautions how to think of him are needleſs,
Full well I know, and knowing prize his Worth:
Retire, my Child, while I go meet the People;
Make thy Heart eaſy; *Fabius* be my Care.

[*Exeunt* Theron, Sicoris, *and* Murrus.

Tim. Make him your Care too, ye all-gracious Pow'rs!
Protect the lively Pattern of your ſelves,
The Great, the Good, Beneficent and Juſt.

Enter FABIUS.

Ha! *Fabius*; ſure, he knows not of the News.

Fab. The People's Eyes ſcowl'd on me as I paſt,
And low'ring knit, methought, their angry Brows.
Not ſo their Wont, while Mothers to their Children

With

With grateful grating Words, ſeverely kind,
Pointing, would ſay, there goes indeed a *Roman*.
I know not what to think; but ſee, *Timandra*;
And in her Preſence other Cares are loſt.
Tim. Did'ſt thou not meet my Father at thy Entrance?
Fab. I did; ſome ſlight Diſturbance, as he ſaid,
Requir'd his Preſence in the *Forum*; told me
Thou wer't alone, and penſive; bid me cheer thee;
And wiſh'd me here to ſtay till his Return.
Tim. It was his Care to keep him from the Tumult,
[*Aſide.*
Which by his Abſence beſt might be compos'd;
I take the Hint— thou cam'ſt, I thought, to cheer me.
Fab. Alas! *Timandra*, can it be, my Tongue
Should that impart, which my griev'd Heart ne'er knows?
All jocund Thoughts have fled the wretched *Fabius*,
And Cheerfulneſs and I have long been Strangers.
Thy Love alone it is ſupports my Soul,
Try'd by Diſtreſs, a ſadly pleaſing Comfort.
Tim. Thy Words, tho' mournful, ſtill have Pow'r to charm,
Gently they ſooth my moſt perplexing Fears.
With thee converſing I forget my Sorrows,
While ſofter Paſſions fill their empty Place,
Engroſs my Boſom, and poſſeſs me whole.
Fab. Nor think, I hear thee ſpeak thus without Rapture;
Thy kind Expreſſions fill my Heart with Tranſport,
Like ſofteſt Harmony they reach my Ear,
And thrilling Pleaſures ſhoot thro' ev'ry Vein:
Yet when they ceaſe, ſo do not too thy Charms;
Speaking, or mute, the Graces wait around thee,
And Lovelineſs attends and forms each Motion.
Tim. Thus to thy Eyes I would indeed appear,
And thus I do believe thy Paſſion paints me;
When o'er our Hearts fond Love has got Dominion,
With his own Blindneſs he infects his Subjects:
Yet whatſoe'er I am, believe me thine, Thine

Thine in the laſt Receſſes of my Soul.

Fab. Shall I then hear, and only hear the Bleſſing?
While cruel Fate denies me the Fruition.
Come, come, my Countrymen; redeem your Honour,
And drive theſe faithleſs *Africans* before you.

Tim. The very Thought revives me: Should they come,——
And ſure, methinks, they ſhould, we yet were happy.

Fab. Prophetick be thy Words! Let me, great Gods,
Behold the glorious Day, when *Rome*'s dread Pow'r
Shall muſter on yon' Plains her warlike Bands;
Soon ſhalt thou loſe thy Fears, and ſee with Joy
The *Tyrian* Troops diſlodge, and fly before them.
So when a Mountain Goat ſome Tiger ſpies,
Browzing the Shrubs, at his full Stretch he flies,
Already ſeiz'd of her with greedy Eyes.
From the Rock's Refuge, her ſecurer Haunts,
Driv'n o'er the Plain, the wearied Creature pants;
Hardly, with Fear, and Toil, her Breath ſhe draws,
And now, juſt now, dreads his protended Claws:
If then the lordly Lion come in View,
No longer dares he the cloſe Chaſe purſue;
Aw'd, yet with Rage indignant, ſtalks away,
And to the nobler Brute reſigns his hard-fought Prey.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE the FORUM.

Enter EURYDAMAS *and* SAGUNTINES.

1*ſt Sag.* EUrydamas, thy Country owes thee much,
For this thy watchful Care, and timely Notice
Of foul Deſigns againſt her.

2*d Sag.* ——————We all thank thee.

3*d Sag.* And ſhould the Governor refuſe us Juſtice,
We'll tear the Enſigns of his Office from him,
And to thy Hands, and his brave Son's, commit them.

Eur. Their giddy Heat will ruin my whole Plot;
For 'tis not They muſt fix me in that Seat;
And *Murrus* ſtill comes 'croſs my beſt Deſigns. (*Aſide.*)
What mean ye, Friends, and whither do ye run,
Miſtaking wide the Drift of my Diſcourſe?
My ſlender Services ye far o'er-rate,
And raſhly cenſure Noble *Sicoris*,
Your prudent, brave, and reſolute Defender.
True, he is partial to our faithleſs Friends,
And, blindly honeſt, thinks the ſame of *Fabius*;
Who bears diſſembled Love to his fair Daughter;
From whom when once we ſhall have ſtripp'd the Vizor,
You need not then to doubt his juſt Award:
But ſee, he comes; be bold in your Aſſertions,
And confident in your Demands.

Enter SICORIS, THERON *and* MURRUS.

Sic. ——————Whence comes it,
My Countrymen, that in tumultuous Sort,

And

And ſullen Mood, you thus are met together,
Doubling the Horrors of War's fearful Viſage?
What are your Griefs? and whence your Diſcontent?
1ſt Sag. Our Griefs are, like our Labours, numberleſs;
And ev'ry Morn, when we awake from Reſt,
(If any Reſt we can be ſaid to have)
Sets a new Scene of Miſery before us.
2d Sag. How long muſt we expect theſe tardy *Romans?*
How long with eager Eyes in vain explore
The Sea, that ne'er ſhall whiten with their Sails?
Such is their Faith, their long-expected Aids!
Sic. Why they have fail'd, the Gods can only tell;
Yet whither tend theſe Speeches of Reproach?
Is Liberty at laſt grown irkſome to you?
Or would ye, 'cauſe they come not, yield the City?
Sag. Curſe on the Heart that harbours ſuch a Thought!
We would not be betray'd by one amongſt us;
Nor, like *Amyclæ*, periſh by our Silence.
Sic. Point out the Man, ye ſhall have ample Juſtice.
1ſt Sag. The *Roman Fabius*, he, that inmate Traitor.
Sic. His Name and Treachery but ill accord;
Yet ſpeak, declare, what do you charge on him?
2d Sag. That in Conjunction with the Captive Queen,
Whom thy too fond Opinion of his Truth
Has ſtill permitted to remain with him,
He holds pernicious Councils to the State.
3d Sag. And now has plotted, if nought worſe they can,
To fly, and yield her to the *Carthaginian.*
Sic. Empty Chimæra's, vain and idle Tales!
Fictions, irreconcileable to Reaſon!
Did not this *Fabius*, whom ye now implead,
Refuſe to go in Embaſſy to *Rome*,
Our delegated Friend? Had he not then
Secure retreated without Stain of Honour;

Nor known the Toils and Dangers here he runs?
Which of you all has not beheld the Deeds,
That in our Country's Cauſe he has atchiev'd?
Miſdoubting, thankleſs, baſe, ungrateful Men!

Eur. By Heav'n, he ſtaggers their irreſolute Souls;
I muſt be quick, and reinforce their Clamour. (*Aſide.*)
What's this Ingratitude thou doſt reproach us?
His Cauſe of Stay was but thy beauteous Daughter,
Whoſe Charms now ſlighted for the *Amazonian*,
In ſhameful League combin'd, their Flight he plots.

Sic. Now Shame upon thy Tongue, *Eurydamas!*
This is thy Malice to a favour'd Rival,
The rankling Sore that feſters in thy Breaſt;
Had'ſt thou believ'd what now thou doſt aver,
The pleaſing Truth had ſlept within thy Boſom.
Are theſe your Grounds, and his your Informations?
(*turning to the People.*)

1*ſt Sag.* Be it ſufficient, we believe it Truth;
Nor ſhall we leave without Redreſs the Place.

Mur. And ye ſhall find it, Friends; my noble Father
Preſides not but to do the injur'd Juſtice:
Lay your Demands before him without Fear.

2*d Sag.* Let her be given *Eurydamas* to keep;
To him intruſted, we ſhall think her ſafe.

Mur. Conclude it done, it is both juſt and fitting.

Sic. How, Boy, doſt thou preſcribe thy Father Rules?
And to Sedition's Voice join thy Accord?
I'll teach thee better to behave to both,
Thy Parent and thy Country: ——A Guard there.

Eur. Talk not to us of Guards, we will protect him;

3*d Sag.* Nor ſhall he ſuffer in the People's Cauſe.

Ther. Murrus, without a Pauſe, implore his Pardon.
And thou, O *Sicoris*, forgive his Fault;
A Warmth, that flow'd from a too forward Zeal.
Excuſe the Raſhneſs of thy wretched People,
Who, ſuff'ring much, worn out with War and Famine,
(Which

(Which with a Conſtancy unmatch'd they've born)
If blindly drawn, and artfully ſeduc'd
By ſome officious Villain's buſy Tongue,
They have preſum'd to deſcant on thy Conduct:
And you, my Countrymen, retract your Error:
With Eyes impartial view your noble Chief,
And recognize his Worth. Has he not been
More than your Governor, your common Parent?
Has he not paſs'd in painful Watch the Night?
Conſum'd the careful Day in Search of thoſe,
Where ſoft Humanity might beſt be ſhewn?
For you ſtill provident, careleſs for himſelf,
Each Day he marks with ſome diſtinguiſh'd Goodneſs.
And do ye thus return the gen'rous Labours?

Eur. Now Cankers eat his Tongue: The meddling Prieſt!
See, how he talks them to their former Dotage.
(*Aſide.*)

Ther. 'Tis Unanimity alone can give
Strength to our Cauſe, and to the City Safety.
Then hear what I propoſe: Will ye confide
In me, the Prieſt of *Hercules* your God?
Within the Temple let the Queen be lodg'd,
My ſelf, and holy Brethren, for her Guard.
(*They ſeem to confer.*)

Eur. Perdition ſeize him, I again am baffled;
I read it in their Looks, he has prevail'd.

1*ſt Sag.* We are content; that granted we retire.

Ther. What ſay'ſt thou, *Sicoris?*

Sic. ——————Let it be ſo:
Theron, unto thy Charge we now commit her;
Convey the Royal Captive to the Temple;
My ſelf will be the noble *Roman*'s Surety.
[*Ex.* Sicoris, Murrus, Eurydamas *and People.*

Ther. No trifling Labour will it be t'appeaſe
The juſt Reſentment that ſhall fire his Soul:
I wiſh, ſome other had th' unthankful Office.

Enter

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Enter FABIUS *and* CURTIUS.

Fab. Curtius, I thank thee for thy friendly Call;
When Honour is concern'd, Love muſt give place:
But ſee, the *Forum* void! Are my Accuſers fled?
Cur. They durſt not ſtay to brave thy Innocence.
Ther. Softly, my Friends; what is to Reaſon juſt,
Will not of Force convince an inflam'd People:
They ſee with others Eyes; nor will they truſt,
When cunningly wrought up, their proper Senſes.
They are retir'd indeed, but on Conditions
Such, as I fear, will grate thy gen'rous Soul.
Fab. Oh, *Theron!* if I ever entertain'd
Th' abandon'd Thought of what I am accus'd,
May'ſt thou and all good Men renounce me here,
Nor in th' *Elyſian* Fields my Soul know Reſt!
Ther. Needleſs to me are theſe thy Imprecations;
To me, not Innocence it ſelf is clearer;
Thy Name as white as is the new-fall'n Snow.
Yet, what I have in Charge permit me tell;
In forc'd Compliance to the People's Clamour,
(Who by no other Means might be appeas'd,)
By me, thy Captive *Sicoris* requires:
From thee, ungrateful Task, I muſt remove,
And in the Temple of *Alcides* place her.
Fab. Too eaſy *Sicoris!* Unthankful People!
My Soul is touch'd in her moſt tender Part,
My Honour injur'd beyond Reparation;
Unheard, unprov'd, thus to be deem'd a Villain!
In all the Shapes Ingratitude appears,
Her moſt deteſted Form is vile Suſpicion.
Ther. Chafe not thy ſelf about the Rabble's Cenſure;
They blame, or praiſe, but as one leads the other:
Unthinking Souls! that when conſider'd ſingly,
How few we find deſerve the Name of Man;
Yet in Conjunction grow they formidable,
And hence from *Sicoris* have this extorted.

Fab.

Fab. Since to thy Charge the Queen ſhall be intruſted,
With leſs Regret I yield her from my Care;
Yet does my ſwelling Heart refuſe the Office:
Curtius, go thou, and ſpare thy Friend the Shame.
[*Exeunt* Theron *and* Curtius.
To the good Man I ſmother'd my Reſentment,
Which, at a proper Time, they dear ſhall rue.

Enter MURRUS.

But *Murrus* comes, and on his angry Brow,
Like a black Storm, ſits low'ring Diſcontent.
He ſees, but would avoid me. What, ho! *Murrus.*
Mur. See, I return: What wouldſt thou with me, *Roman?*
Fab. Thou call'ſt me, *Roman*; ſuch indeed I am,
And much I glory in that Appellation;
Yet, for I know thou mean'ſt it in Reproach,
I well cou'd wiſh thee to forget my Country,
Since 'tis with friendly Meaning I accoſt thee.
Mur. Forget thy Country!——would I ne'er had known it,
Nor ſeen in thee a Pattern of her Falſhood:
Thou who, thus truſted, lodg'd within our Boſoms,
Could'ſt poorly meditate inglorious Flight,
And with thee bear away our nobleſt Captive.
Fab. Thou do'ſt not in thy Heart thus think of *Fabius*;
Theſe harſh Expreſſions flow but from thy Tongue,
The haſty Sallies of miſtaken Paſſion;
Thy Boſom muſt acquit me of the Slander:
Too well thou know'ſt the Love I bear thy Siſter,
But 'tis *Candace*'s ill-plac'd Flame that galls thee.
Why do'ſt thou frown? Love is not in our Power;
Nay, what ſeems ſtranger, is not in our Choice:
We only love, where Fate ordains we ſhould,
And, blindly fond, oft ſlight ſuperior Merit.
Since this the Caſe, let not her fruitleſs Paſſion
Eſtrange thy Heart from one who ſeeks thy Friendſhip;
Who

Who, pleas'd, beholds thee in a double View,
The gallant Youth, and dear *Timandra*'s Brother.
Mur. Would that *Timandra* heard thy nice Diſcuſſion
On that ſoft Paſſion; ſhe, be ſure, would thank thee;
Think her ſelf much indebted to kind Fate,
To whoſe ſole Influence thy Love is due.
Fab. Unkindly urg'd; I thought not of my ſelf,
Or, what's much dearer than my ſelf, *Timandra*.
Oh! ſhe's all Tenderneſs and gentle Joy,
The ſmiling Loves play hov'ring round her Lips,
And Grace ineffable adorns her Eyes:
If ſhe then, thus bedeck'd with all that Nature
Could laviſh on her with a Hand profuſe,
Can think of *Fabius*, and his little Merit,
I well might ſay 'twas Fate that made me happy;
Yet is there wanting to confirm that Bliſs,
Did not th' unhappy Siege forbid my Joys,
Thy kind Conſent, which ſtill in vain I court;
Thy noble Brother, Peace be to his Shade!
Was *Fabius*' Friend, and further'd ſtill my Love;
Be thou like him, or tell me why thou art not.
Mur. Already thou muſt know we had two Mothers,
Rutulian his, and mine of *Grecian* Extract,
Nearly related to *Eurydamas*;
And if thou wert not, what I ſcorn, a *Roman*,
Should for that Reaſon wiſh my Siſter his.
Fab. Yet whence this Scorn? and wherefore, tho' a *Roman*,
Am I not worthy of thy Siſter's Arms?
Do not *Rome*'s Glories fill th' admiring World,
Or does the *Grecian* Name outrival hers?
Grant, that my Country ſhould have been to blame,
(Yet ſure the Day ſhall come to clear that Crime)
Speak with impartial Voice, and then declare,
If, howſoe'er by thee preferr'd, my Rival
Has in *Saguntum*'s Cauſe done more than I?

Mur.

Mur. Thou ſeem'ſt to vaunt thee in thy martial Deeds:
Yet what are theſe, that any brave *Saguntine*
Should from thy Sword claim but the Second Place
In Honour's Liſt? By me *Hiempſal* fell;
Who with bold Feet durſt tread the dang'rous Sands,
And from the raging Seas ſnatch back their Spoils.
By me fell *Chermes*, *Maſulus*, and *Atyr*,
Who of his Poyſon could diſarm the Serpent,
And, touching, charm to ſleep the baneful Adder.
Then *Kartalo*, that, with intrepid Hand,
Would ſoothing ſtroke the pregnant Lioneſs.
All *Lybian* Chiefs, and ſuch their ſavage Virtues!
Nor could, ſuperior to all theſe, *Hiarbas*
Eſcape my Sword, tho' ſprung from mighty *Jove:*
While now thou glorieſt in his Daughter's Chains,
In ſhameful Conqueſt, ignominious Triumph.

Fab. What I have done, becomes not me to ſay;
And with ill Grace thy Tongue declares thy Deeds:
Yet tell me, *Murrus*, did the Shame of Conqueſt
Over an *Amazon*, whoſe fatal Arm
Had then laid weltring in his Blood thy Brother,
Forbid thy Vengeance, and reſtrain thy Sword?
Oh, Honour nicely weigh'd! Fraternal Love!
Was it for this the ſhameful Part was left
To me? Who led her Captive from the Field;
Which thou diſdaining, kept'ſt thy ſelf aloof.

Mur. She ſaw thee *Roman*, and ſhe deem'd thee falſe:
Yielding to thee, ſhe hop'd a ſafer Flight,
Which from thy Treach'ry ſhe might ſoon expect;
And that ſhe thought aright, th' Event has prov'd.

Fab. How has it prov'd? Is to aſperſe, to prove?
Sad then ſhould be the State of Innocence.
Shall bare Aſſertion have the Force of Truth,
And weigh the Tenor of our Actions down?
No, 'tis from them, when other Proof is wanting,
That Men ſhould form their apt and ſurer Judgments.

Thus therefore wrong'd, let me, not vainly, say,
From mine, thy Father thinks me, as I am,
Thy Country's Friend, and her no small Support.
Mur. Thou her Support! insufferable Pride!
Oh Arrogance unmatch'd! What then am I?
What is *Eurydamas*, or Valiant *Theron?*
That we should yield the foremost Rank in War?
By Heav'n, my Soul now kindles as for Battel,
And my big Heart beats thick with Indignation.
No more I charge thee, on thy Life, no more.
Fab. I smile, believe me, at this causeless Heat;
True Courage is not, where fermenting Spirits
Mount in a troubled and unruly Stream;
The Soul's its proper Seat; and Reason there
Presiding, guides its cool or warmer Motions:
Thy idle Rage, that like a cover'd Fire,
The Embers rak'd, mounts up in crackling Sparks,
I heed no more, than Heav'n those fiery Bubbles.
Mur. 'Tis well. Now shew this Grandeur of thy Soul;
And let thy Arm, not Words, rebuke that Rage,
Which seems so idle to thy reas'ning Valour:
Here on this Spot it quickly shall be seen,
If thy supporting Sword can save its Master, (*Draws.*)
Fab. Thy Prowess well I know, as thou dost mine;
Better employ'd against the common Foe:
Then, *Murrus*, sheath again in Peace thy Weapon;
If not for thine, yet for thy Country's Sake.
Just would her Exclamations prove on *Fabius*,
If in domestick Broil, howe'er provok'd,
My Sword should rob her of so brave a Son.
Mur. I soon will ease thee of that needless Fear;
Draw; if I fall, my Country shall acquit thee.
Fab. Still I am calm. Is not the dear *Timandra*——
Mur. Her Country's Shame for doating on a *Roman*;
That abject Thought imbitters more my Rage:
Nor will I dally thus one Moment longer.
Defend thy self.——

Fab.

Fab. ——————Nay, then—— (*Fight.*)

Enter EURYDAMAS.

Eur. ——————What do I see?
If both, or either falls, it suits my Purpose;
I will withdraw.

Enter CURTIUS.

Cur. ——How now! Retiring, Villain?——
'Tis thou hast blown this Fire; then take thy Share.

Enter THERON, *as they engage.*

Ther. I think some Fury has possess'd your Bosoms.
Is this a Time for Civil Feud and Discord?
[*Beats down the Swords of the two latter, while* Fabius *disarms* Murrus.

Fab. Now better learn to use thy Tongue or Sword;
And owe thy Life, to what thou scorn'st, a *Roman.*

Mur. Curse on my Fate, curse on my feeble Arm,
Unfaithful Minister to a daring Soul;
Poorly thou hast betray'd my former Name,
And in a Moment sully'd all its Glories.

Ther. Calm thy self, *Murrus*; 'tis the Soldier's Lot
To meet the Frowns, as well as Smiles of Fortune;
In private Combat, as in War, uncertain.
Where is the Heroe, who ne'er found his Equal?
Or which the Nation, that can boast a Chief,
Who still return'd victorious from the Field?
Such was not *Pyrrhus*; such our mighty Foe,
Not even *Hannibal* himself shall prove.
What Consolation Fate allows foil'd Virtue,
Is to receive that Foil from noble Hands:
But what, *Eurydamas*, shall I say for thee,
Thou base Fomenter of unnat'ral Jars?

Eur. For me—Speak for thy self, injurious Priest;
Nor blacken others, till thy self art clear:
Reform the Manners of thy Libertine Tribe,
Cleanse the *Augean* Stable of thy Breast,

Subdue the *Hydra* Paſſions of thy Soul,
And in theſe Labours imitate thy God.

Ther. When ſuch as thou revile the holy Order,
The beſt of Anſwers is a noble Scorn.
Thus Village Curs howl at the ſilent Moon,
While ſhe ſerenely glides unclouded on.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Governor has ſent to ſeek thee, *Theron*;
Our Watchmen from the Towers deſcry the Foe
In Ranks embattel'd, marching towards the City.

Ther. Entring, of this I heard; now judge thee, *Murrus*,
Of thy intemp'rate Warmth at ſuch a Juncture:
Let this at leaſt unite our Hands and Hearts,
And pour redoubled Vengeance on our Foes.

[*Exeunt* Theron, Murrus *and* Eurydamas.

Cur. Why do'ſt thou loiter thus, my Friend, to arm?
Not ſo was uſed to be thy martial Ardor.

Fab. Is there a Cauſe? and do'ſt thou ask it, *Curtius?*
The baſe Suſpicion of my injur'd Virtue,
The Rights of War infring'd in my fair Captive,
Might well inform thee of my Soul's Reſolves.
No more my Sword for this Ungrateful People
Shall be imbrued in *Carthaginian* Blood:
Let her own Heroes now defend her Walls,
And *Murrus* ſhew the little Worth of *Fabius*.

Cur. The Thought is juſt, and worthy of thy ſelf;
Then, when they ſmart, ſhall they regret thy Wrongs,
While the fierce Foe purſues them o'er the Plain,
And hangs inſulting on their broken Rear:
A late, but ſure Repentance then ſhall find them;
While from the Battlements thou ſeeſt the Rout,
Confuſion, Horror, and their foul Diſmay.
Thus wrong'd *Pelides*, while the *Greeks* in vain
With Pray'rs and Preſents would his Aid regain,
So ſell his Anger, and Revenge ſo ſweet,
With gloomy Joy ſaw *Hector* fire the Fleet. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE the TEMPLE.

Enter CANDACE *and* LYCORMAS.

Can. MUCH to thy kind Compaſſion, gentle Prieſt,
Believe me, I am bound: To viſit the Diſtreſs'd,
To calm the Mind, and ſooth our anxious Cares,
Are Offices that well become thy Function;
Wiſely for this great End you're ſet apart,
Freed from the Troubles of the buſy World,
To teach unhappy Mortals to ſubmit
To whatſoever the good Gods inflict;
And for the pious Deeds Mankind reveres you.

Lyc. I'm pleas'd, great Princeſs, to behold the Storm
That rag'd ſo boyſterous in your ſwelling Breaſt,
Gently ſubſiding to this *Halcyon* Calm;
Say, is there Ought in which I more may ſerve you?

Can. A lucky Offer; ——well have I diſſembled,
And hid the wild Diſquiet in my Soul. (*Aſide.*)
There is——but what, I fear, thou wilt refuſe.

Lyc. Command *Lycormas*, know him for thy Friend.

Can. But ſhall this Friendſhip reach to bring me *Fabius?*
Ungrateful *Fabius*, hither to the Temple?
Whom ſpight of all my Wrongs, I ſtill muſt love.

Lyc. From him for Safety wer't thou hither brought,
Confided to our Care: Should I abuſe
The Truſt the People have committed to us,
My forfeit Head muſt anſwer the Offence.

Can.

Can. Alas, what ſhall I ſay? I fear'd thy Anſwer,
Nor have I ought to bribe thee to the Hazard:
What can a Captive offer? I ſwear by *Ammon*,
My great Progenitor, if e'er my Fate
Reſtore me to the *Garamantian* Throne,
I'll give thee a whole Province in Reward.

Lyc. A ſmaller Bribe might purchaſe what ſhe asks.
If *Hannibal* ſucceeds without our Aid,
Her Intereſt then may ſtand me in good ſtead. (*Aſide.*)

Can. He ſeems to ponder on it, then there's Hope.

Lyc. I have conſider'd this thy bold Requeſt,
Which, at my utmoſt Peril I ſhall grant;
And in Return will only this demand,
That in the Day which Fate ſeems bringing on,
And to the *Tyrian*'s Pow'r ſhall give the City,
Thou wilt not prove unmindful of *Lycormas*.

Can. May Heav'n be ſo of me, if I forget
Thy gen'rous Pity to a wretched Captive:
But haſte, and bring him to my longing Eyes.

Lyc. Do not too ſoon anticipate the Joy,
Which Fate may yet deny thy eager Hopes;
Perhaps upon the Field he now lies Dead;
For in the Inſtant thou wert here convey'd,
The Foe approaching, all our Forces ſally'd,
And I am yet to learn of the Event.

Can. Forbid it, Heav'n! forbid it ev'ry Power!
That ſhould protect a Brave and Godlike Man;
For ſuch the ſcorn'd *Candace* ſtill muſt own him.

Lyc. Within the Temple, on its utmoſt Verge,
A moſt recluſe and gloomy Cell there lies;
To this th' inferior Prieſts have never Entrance,
And only *Theron* and my ſelf approach it;
Thither, if he ſurvive, I will conduct him
In my own Robe conceal'd; and freely there
Thou may'ſt diſcloſe whate'er thy Heart ſhall dictate.
But be not long, for in the tedious Minutes,
Exquiſite Interval, I'm on the Rack;
For ſure the greateſt Evil Man can know,

Bears

Bears no Proportion to the dread Suſpence.
Can. To me how tranſient ſhall thoſe Minutes prove,
Whom Fate allows not ev'n that wretched State!
Suſpenſe can only be where Hopes appear,
Of thoſe, alas! I've none; then in their Room
Let full Deſpair ſucceed, and ſteel my Breaſt
To meet its Fate, that quietly in Death
I may lay down the Burden of my Woes.
Thus the loſt Traveller at Cloſe of Day,
Cheerleſs, thro' *Lybia*'s Waſtes, purſues his Way;
Dreads the wide Plain, where Trees, nor Hills, ariſe,
A ſad Expanſe, ſtill lengthning with the Skies!
No Land-mark there, no Foot-ſteps can he trace,
Thoſe from th' unfaithful Sands the Winds eraze,
And leave, as on the Sea, one undiſtinguiſh'd Face.
When to his weary Search no End is found,
Still in the midſt, he throws him on the Ground,
There, ſelf-reſign'd expects approaching Fate,
And deems it Bleſſings to the former State. [*Exit.*
Lyc. So, ſhe's retir'd; now to perform my Promiſe.
I muſt go learn———

Enter EURYDAMAS.

———————*Eurydamas* return'd!
What from the Field? And how have we ſucceeded?
Eur. Our Plots have fail'd, and turn upon our ſelves:
The *Roman*'s Genius has again preſerv'd him:
But what more grates, th' infatuated People,
Whom the fierce Foe purſu'd with dreadful Slaughter
Ev'n to the Gates, reproaching now themſelves,
Impute to *Fabius*' Abſence the Misfortune.
Lyc. To *Fabius*' Abſence!---went he not to Battel?
Eur. Fir'd with Diſdain at our bold Accuſation,
Th' Indignity was offer'd to his Name,
By forcing from him, in ſuch ſort, his Captive,
He would not arm, but from the Battlements,
A pleas'd

A pleas'd Spectator, saw the dismal Havock.
Lyc. Thy self an idle one, I may presume,
Did'st only make the Semblance of a Fight.
Eur. True; and that gave me Leisure to behold
The various Chances that attend on War;
While *Tyrians* here, *Saguntines* there prevail'd,
And at a Stay long held the doubtful Battel.
Lyc. What gave at last a Fortune to the Day?
Eur. The *Carthaginian* Chief came furious on,
And calling loud for *Fabius* through the Field,
Scatter'd Destruction wheresoe'er he pass'd.
Unequal to the Shock, our harrass'd Men
Gave way, and flying, hardly reach'd the City;
Which he had enter'd with them, but for *Theron.*
Lyc. How undesign'dly has he wrought us good?
Thou and my self, my Friend, are much his Debtors:
But how prevented he the *Tyrian*'s Purpose?
Eur. Imagine to thy self a Swarm of Bees
Driv'n to their Hive by some impending Storm,
Which at its little Port, in clust'ring Heaps,
And climbing o'er each other's Back, they enter.
Such was the People's Flight, and such their Haste
To gain the Gates; not even then secure,
So close the Foe pursu'd: 'Twas then that *Theron*,
Advancing singly like another *Cocles*,
Met his full Rage; and from his brawny Arms
With Force *Herculean* hurl'd his knotty Club:
Strongly it flew, and on the *Tyrian*'s Armour
Horridly clanking, from his Breast rebounded.
Him reeling on his Steed his Friends supported,
The Priest retreated, and the Gates were clos'd.
Lyc. Once, as I think, thou didst reproach *Lycormas*,
As one too lavish in thy Rival's Praise;
Now are we quit.
Eur. ——The Time indeed requires
Our more immediate Thoughts; and tho' we've fail'd,
In what, as Earnest of our Truth, was ask'd;

Our

Our next Succeſs ſhall more than compenſate.
This Night, by *Daunus'* and *Metiſcus'* Death,
Who in the Sally fell, the Gates are mine.
This happens croſs, as hurrying on our Plot
Before the Time concerted with the *Tyrian*,
Yet from our Hands we muſt not ſlip th'Occaſion;
But when the Ev'ning Shades ſhall ſpread the Earth,
Another perilous Adventure waits thee,
By once more ſeeking the *Sidonian* Camp.
Still it remains to make the Guard our own.

Lyc. I have with other Thought, long ſince, prepar'd,
Within my Cell, a Sleep-provoking Draught;
So potent in effect, it inſtant gives
Lethargick Reſt, and faſt binds down the Senſe.
This, as a Treaſure pointed out by Fate
For a rich Cordial to thy ſlender Guard,
Worn out by Toils of War, thou may'ſt diſpenſe,
And greedy they ſhall drink the treach'rous Juice.
Then as we ſhall perceive the Guile take place,
We'll give the Signal, and admit the Foe.
But I have now t'acquaint thee with a Boon
The Captive Queen has begg'd, and I have granted:
Here in the Temple would ſhe meet the *Roman*,
And, habited like me, I mean to bring him.

Eur. Bold Deed thou haſt preſum'd to promiſe, Prieſt;
But what from thence can ſhe, or thou propoſe?

Lyc. I heed not her Deſign; my own but this,
To make her my ſure Friend with *Hannibal*.

Eur. Indeed!—but I may chance to ſpoil your Plot:
This forward Prieſt encroaches on my Hopes,
And from an Emiſſary grows a Rival.
I muſt at once get rid of him and *Murrus*,
And Fate now throws th'occaſion in my way. [*Aſide.*

Lyc. What is it, Friend, that thus employs thy Thought?

Eur. I have been weighing what thou doſt propoſe,
According little to thy wonted Prudence;

Great is the Riſque, and ſmall, in my Conceit,
The Profit riſing from that Danger run;
For if this Night propitious to us prove,
Self-recommended, thoul't not want her Friendſhip:
Yet as thou ſeem'ſt to make light of the Hazard,
Hear what I offer to thy better Thoughts.
In the laſt Conf'rence with the *Tyrian* Chief,
He then propos'd as our Aſſociate *Murrus*;
Here 'twould be wiſe to gratify that Wiſh,
And noble Pity to preſerve the Youth:
For this, in vain, I've us'd my utmoſt Arts,
To all impenetrable he remains;
Weak on the Side of Love alone he ſeems,
And, like *Achilles*, mortal in one Part.

Lyc. Proceed; for yet I do not ken thy Aim.

Eur. *Murrus* is ſtill a Stranger to the Flame,
Which to thyſelf the *Carthaginian* own'd:
Him, in the *Roman*'s ſtead, I would adviſe
To the deſiring Queen thou ſhould'ſt convey.
I will prepare him for the Interview,
And bid him ſay his Rival fell in Battel;
Then, for thou know'ſt the Sex that eaſily paſs
From one Exceſs of Paſſion to another,
Should Thought of Liberty, or Love prevail
To give him Hopes, ſhe ſurely makes him ours.

Lyc. My aug'ring Soul forbids; yet I conſent.
Let *Murrus* come, the Habit ſhall be ready. [*Exit.*

Eur. There's One o'er-reach'd; the harder Task,
I fear,
Is yet to come; *Murrus*, by Nature honeſt,
Perhaps may ſtartle at the Thought of Rape;
And, aw'd by Conſcience, diſappoint my Purpoſe:
But then his Hopes are deſp'rate, and his Love
Is, like his other Paſſions, in Exceſs:
On That I build, aſſiſt but Fortune here,
Down ſink my Rivals in the *Tyrian*'s Favour.
Murrus, I come; if that thy ſteady Virtue
Eſcape this Snare, my Wiles know no Reſource. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Governor's Palace.*

Enter SICORIS *and* MURRUS.

Sic. No more; but go, and do what I enjoin thee:
Submit thee to the Virtue thou haſt wrong'd,
Make Peace with him, or hope it not with me.
Mur. Would then my Father ſo debaſe his Son,
To have him cringe and fawn upon a *Roman?*
Shall I with ſervile Looks, and forc'd Obeiſance
Approach his Pride, and poorly crave his Pardon?
Pardon, for what? in what has he been injur'd?
And is not yet his Treach'ry manifeſt?
Why, if he meant us well, did he refrain
To meet the *Tyrian* in the bloody Field,
But, that his Falſhood might not there confront him?
Sic. Too well thou know'ſt the Cauſe that kept him abſent,
A juſt Diſdain, and honeſt Pride of Soul,
For which thy Country has ſeverely ſuffer'd;
While, raſhly truſting to the noiſy Boaſts
Of talking Warriors, ſhe has loſt a Hero.
Mur. Patience, good Heav'n, or I ſhall burſt with Rage;
My riſing Paſſion quite choaks up my Words:
How! talking Warrior! have I liv'd to hear
That ſhameful Title given me by my Father?
Sic. I wiſh I had a better to beſtow;
Behold yon Plain, ſee there the recent Dead;
Does not that View upbraid thy late Behaviour?
Theſe from thy Arm expected their Protection;
They fell, but thou——
Mur. I know what you would ſay,
I fled; 'tis true, but yet the laſt I fled.
Sic. Too ſoon the laſt——
Mur.————I am not *Hercules*;
Nor was my Arm indu'd with Power celeſtial,

To conquer Armies, and force Deſtiny.
What was it more I could have done?
Sic.——————Have died.
Mur. I might, indeed; but had my Death avail'd
My Country? living, I may do her Service,
When better Fortune ſhall attend our Arms.
Sic. Make good thy words; for e'er the ſetting Sun
Shall hide his flaming Chariot in the Main,
A laſt, and deſperate Effort we'll try;
Now, while the *Tyrian*, fell'd by *Theron*'s Arm,
Has giv'n his Troops to ſee he can be vanquiſh'd.
If then we meet Repulſe, why farewell Hope,
And welcome Death: the City's Fate is fix'd.
In the mean time, I charge thee, ſeek out *Fabius*;
Be reconcil'd, or ſee my Face no more. [*Exit.*
Mur. Then I ſhall ſee thy Face no more, ſtern Man!
Injurious Parent! to enjoin a Deed
My Soul diſdains, and Honour too forbids.
Submit! and beg he would be reconcil'd!
Hold there, my Heart—no! if he can diveſt
So eaſily the Sire, I can put off the Son.

Enter EURYDAMAS.

Eurydamas, thou'rt come in happy Time
To ſhare, and, ſharing, to aſſiſt my Grief;
Grief, did I ſay?——Now out upon the word:
I meant, my Rage; and ſo I ſhould have call'd it.
Eur. His Greeting likes me; the Scene opens well.
[*Aſide.*
Who is it, *Murrus*, thus has dar'd to ſtir thee?
Mur. Would I might call him by ſome other Name,
Than that of Father; then ſhould my good Sword
Wipe off the foul Aſperſions on my Honour.
O Friend, had'ſt thou beheld how I was treated,
Reproach'd as faithleſs, taunted as a Coward!
Am I a Coward? Is not my Country's Cauſe
Here at my Heart? Speak, and declare me wrong'd.
Eur. Impoſſible, I think, thy Father thus could act,
And,

And, but thou ſayſt it, 'twould ſurpaſs Belief.
Mur. Nay more, by Heav'n, he has with Threats enjoyn'd
Moſt vile Submiſſion to the Man I hate,
The favour'd Rival of my Fame and Love.
But why does that ſoft Paſſion now come croſs me?
Eur. Wherefore, indeed? I could have wiſh'd the War,
With its ſad Conſequence, thy ruin'd Country,
Thy hopeleſs Flame for an ungrateful Woman,
Who, ſlighting thee, doats on a curſed *Roman*,
Had from thy Boſom driv'n the puny God.
Mur. Alas! too ſtrongly has he ta'en Poſſeſſion
Of my weak Breaſt; which now againſt my ſelf
He fortifies, impregnable to Reaſon;
That, like a *Roman*, at my utmoſt Need
Forſakes, and poorly yields me to my Foe.
Yet would I have thee think it noble Pride,
And generous Diſdain that urges my Purſuit;
I would not ev'n in Love know a Superior,
But, as in War, ſurmount all Oppoſition.
Eur. Then thou ſhouldſt act the prudent Warrior's Part,
Not fondly graſp at things impoſſible;
For little leſs than ſuch are thy vain Hopes:
Suppoſe, which yet we know is far from Truth,
Her Heart eſtrang'd from *Fabius*, can you think,
Thoſe Arms, imbru'd in her lov'd Father's Blood,
Shall ever claſp her in the Folds of Love?
Mur. Thou ſeeſt, for her I have forgot my Brother;
Beneath her biting Ax fell the unhappy Youth.
Eur. And ſhall their Blood cement your growing Friendſhip,
Inſpire ſoft Love, and kindle am'rous Flames?
Shocking to Thought! no, tis too ſure this way
Thou never canſt ſucceed: —— and yet there is ——
Mur. Another, thou wouldſt ſay: my more than Friend,
My better Genius. *Eur.*

Eur. ——— ——— Moſt true there is; but ——
Mur. Why doſt thou heſitate, and bar my Joy?
Eur. Firſt it behoves thee, *Murrus*, well to weigh
Our loſt Condition, and the City's State;
Not many Suns can we ſuſtain the Siege,
And the ſurviving Few ſhall then be Slaves;
'Mongſt thoſe my Name ſhall never be enroll'd.
Mur. I need not ſay my Soul too ſcorns the Thought.
Eur. What hinders, but that thou ſhouldſt ſeize thy Bliſs,
And, in a lucky Hour, foreſtall thy Fate?
The means are in my Hands, embrace th' Occaſion.
Mur. Thou wouldſt not have me raviſh!
Eur. Canſt thou think
An *Amazon* is won by whining Courtſhip,
Or that ſhe ever ſhall complain of Force?
The bold impetuous Warrior ſtill they chuſe,
In ſtrict Embraces ſtrain the ſtruggling Youth,
Who, nobly daring, gratefully offends,
And ſpares their Cheek the Bluſh of dull Conſent.
Mur. My Soul is ſtagger'd at the horrid Deed.
Eur. Why then let *Fabius* go; for e'er an Hour
Be paſt, diſguis'd he meets her in the Temple;
For what, I leave to thy Imagination;
But ſure, I think, they mean not cool Diſcourſe:
Yet had it pleas'd thee, thou hadſt fill'd his Place.
Mur. Ha! thou haſt rous'd all that is Man within me;
The thought of Rivalſhip has fir'd my Blood:
Shall *Fabius* revel in extatick Joys,
And in her Arms, once more with Pride elate,
Inſult, with double Triumph, wretched *Murrus?*
Remorſe, be gone; avaunt, thou Bugbear, Conſcience.
Did now the City blaze with *Tyrian* Flames,
And the loſt Firebrands caſt their dreadful Gleam,
In ſtreaming Fires around the ſacred Fane,
Shrieking, and clinging to the Shrine, I'd force her,
Another *Semele* enjoy'd in Flames.

Yet

Yet could I wiſh, ſo much I love the Fair,
To different Fates the ancient Tale were turn'd,
The Nymph might be preſerv'd, the Lover burn'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SICORIS, THERON *and* TIMANDRA.

Sic. I have already charg'd thy haughty Brother,
T'implore his Pardon, and confeſs him injur'd;
Go thou, and with Love's powerful Rhet'rick ſtrive
T'inforce the Plea, and win him to our Aid.

Ther. The Task is only thine, thou charming Maid;
Alone thou know'ſt the Workings of his Soul,
Its ſecret Avenues and ſofter Moments.

Sic. Think what a noble Cauſe employs thy Tongue,
Thy ancient Father, and thy mourning Country,
And both their Bleſſings ſhall attend thy Suit.

Tim. Oh, with what Joy I readily accept,
With how much Pleaſure ſhall perform the Taſk,
With how great Rapture, if Succeſs ſhould crown it!
And is there ought he ſhall refuſe *Timandra*?
I go, I fly, nor will I quit my Heroe,
Till Love ſhall ſend him dreadful to the Field.
[*Exit.*

Sic. Haſt Thou, as we agreed, employ'd the Prieſts,
To learn the People's utmoſt Reſolution,
To try their ſtrength of Soul, and know, if now
The Gods prove adverſe to our laſt Attempt,
And Hope be loſt, they dare to plunge in Flames,
And, ſelf devoting, diſappoint their Foes?

Ther. I have my ſelf been talking with their Chiefs;
Not one of all averſe to the Deſign,
So firm their Love of Liberty, and Faith:
The noble Warmth inſpires the very Matrons,
Who dancing in their Arms their famiſh'd Babes,
Cry, huſh! my Boy, an end of Woes is nigh:
And ſince it was not giv'n thy infant Arm,
To fight thy Country's Battles, periſh with her.

Sic.

Sic. Then all is well; at leaſt, in our ſad State:
Then let the barbarous Foe inſult our Walls,
The naked Ruins where *Saguntum* ſtood.
Our freeborn Sons in Freedom ſhall expire;
Viſit th'*Elyſian* Fields, all true, all brave,
And not a ſingle Soul deſcend the Shades a Slave.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FABIUS *and* TIMANDRA.

Fab. Ceaſe to requeſt that which I dare not grant;
What rigid Honour to my Will denies:
Wouldſt thou of that lov'd Equal with thy ſelf
His other Conſolation, rob thy *Fabius?*

Tim. What is this Idol Honour, that exacts
Such horrid Worſhip, and ſuch cruel Rites?
Can nought leſs than a Peoples Blood atone
A ſingle Violation of her Law?

Fab. Sacred they are, and by the great and brave
Beheld at Diſtance with Religious Awe,
Nor, when invaded by the profane Vulgar,
Demand a ſlight and petty Reparation.

Tim. Yet Heav'n it ſelf is mov'd by Penitence,
And the red Bolt, brandiſh'd aloft in Air,
Is wreſted from the ready Arm of *Jove*;
Who, in Compaſſion to our frailer Nature,
Oft ſuffers ſeeming Violence from Pray'r:
And doſt thou boaſt his Lineage, yet put off
That gentle Virtue, in which he delights?

Fab. Thou talkſt as if I were indeed a God,
And Fate depended upon my Volition.

Tim. Alas! I find thee mortal by thy Paſſions,
Reſenting, wrathful, and inexorable,
Yet once I ne'er could thus have thought of *Fabius.*

Fab. My Heart is riven aſunder by thy Words;
Take here my Sword, rip up my Boſom quick;
See there the Pow'r thou haſt to be obey'd
In any Thing but this.

Tim. ——————Tis this alone

Shall give the Proof, and evidence thy Love.
This if thou canſt refuſe, thou doſt abandon
The loſt *Timandra* to ſome Ruffian's Arms;
Who then, as now, with ſtreaming Eyes, in vain,
Shall deprecate the fierce Barbarian's Rage.

Fab. The Thought is terrible; thou haſt o'ercome;
I go, but firſt permit this laſt Embrace:
Did not Perſuaſion hang upon thy Tongue,
Did not thy Words thus ſoft, and mournful flow,
Who could reſiſt thoſe moving, ſpeaking Drops,
That ſparkle in thy Eyes with trembling Luſtre?
Thus when her Son on *Phrygian* Plains lay dead,
In humid Clouds *Aurora* veil'd her Head;
Her roſy Cheeks thro' the dim Cryſtal glow
With fainter Colours, and confeſs her Woe;
Sadly her radiant Eyes the Tears adorn,
Yet in the fragrant Dew more ſweetly roſe the Morn.
[*Exit.*

Tim. And now, methinks, I tremble at my Conqueſt;
Tumultuous Fears run ſhiv'ring through my Limbs:
Alas! to what a dreadful Field I've ſent him?
And, if he falls, I loſe—— good Gods! what ſhall I loſe?
The braveſt Man, and moſt ſincere of Lovers.
Fatal his Sword in Battle to his Foes;
Dreadful his Wrath, while the ſhrill Trumpet ſounds:
But when the charming Youth diveſts the Warriour,
And fierce *Bellona* yields him up to *Venus*,
With what bewitching Softneſs does he look!
With what endearing Tenderneſs he talks!
The artleſs Tale of Love, that from his Lips
Flows in ſoft Murmurs, like a limpid Stream,
Attracts my whole Attention, and my Love.

While *Philomela* thus her Strains renews,
Deep in the ſhady Covert, cloath'd in Dews;
The ſoft melodious Notes, that charm the Heart,
Approach Perfection, as they mock all Art.

[*Exit.*

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE *the* TEMPLE.

Enter LYCORMAS.

Lyc. OH, horrid Deed! what have my Eyes beheld?
Deceiv'd *Eurydamas*, and Villain *Murrus!*
Oh! I could tear my Fleſh, and curſe my Folly,
Thus to be ruin'd by a luſtful Boy:
Capricious State of all Conſpiracies!
Where build we e'er ſo wiſely or ſo ſtrong,
Founded on Reaſon, rais'd with utmoſt Caution;
Some unthought Accident, and leaſt ſuſpected,
Throws to the Ground the goodly riſing Fabrick.
What's to be done? Can I approach the *Tyrian*,
And hope his Favour for a raviſh'd Miſtreſs?
Not this I promis'd, nor will he reward.

Enter EURYDAMAS *unſeen.*

Shall it avail me to declare the Truth?
Will it not more inflame his Rage againſt me?
Falſe both to him and her, a double Traitor.

Eur.

Eur. Theſe Looks diſorder'd, and uneaſy Geſtures,
Sufficiently declare his ſecret Anguiſh;
The Diſappointment that now tears his Heart.
Lyc. The more I think, the more I'm loſt: *Eurydamas!*
How dearly thy too ſubtle Schemes ſhall coſt us?
Eur. Thy ſelf I hope, not me; miſtaken Prieſt!
But let me now reſume the Hypocrite,
And ſtand aghaſt at Miſchiefs I contriv'd.
[*Shews himſelf.*
I come not now, *Lycormas*, to relate
The bloody Deeds that in an Hour have paſt;
Suffice it, both Sides are with Loſs retir'd;
But, as the Gloom of Night comes on, would warn thee
To haſten thy Departure to their Camp.
Lyc. But tell me firſt, how fares our new Aſſociate,
The late admitted, but well-truſted *Murrus?*
Eur. How little does he think, he ne'er was truſted?
[*Aſide.*
The Youth is dead; but wherefore theſe thy Titles?
Lyc. Yet more, how fell he?
Eur. ——— ——— By the *Tyrian*'s Arm.
Lyc. Oh, Heav'n! how juſt, how righteous are thy Dooms!
Eur. What mean thy Words? in what has Heav'n been juſt?
Lyc. Alas! *Eurydamas*, we are undone!
Our Hopes all ruin'd by one Act of *Murrus*.
When, as abrupt with ſtriding Haſt he left
The Temple, flush'd and ruffled much he ſeem'd,
Which I miſconſtrued, from his well known Warmth,
The quick Reſentment of a cold Reception:
But how was I deceiv'd? for as I walk'd,
Muſing how beſt to her I might excuſe
An honeſt Fraud, that tended but to ſave
A gallant Man, and give him to the Side
Of *Carthage*, in her future Wars a Heroe:

Thro' the long Isle came wafted to my Ear
A hollow Murmur, and imperfect Sound;
Which, drawing nearer, I perceiv'd were Groans,
Mingled with Plaints, and issuing from the Cell,
Which I had nam'd their fatal Place of meeting.
Eur. Thy Tale's Beginning bodes disastrous End.
Lyc. I entred softly; when, Oh piteous Sight!
With Hair dishevel'd, prostrate on the Pavement
Lay the sad Queen; I gently would have rais'd her,
When she with Looks, that spoke at once Disdain,
Despair and Anguish, Indignation, Shame,
And art thou come, Perfidious! to insult me?
And does thy sacred Robe conceal a Pander?
Pander to Rape, and horrid Violation!
'Tis well thou seest me destitute of Weapon;
Well for the Ravisher I was disarm'd;
But fly, be gone, and leave me to Despair:
Struck mute with Horror, I obey'd and left her.
Eur. Dreadful, indeed, seems the Catastrophe
Of this thy Story, which I well perceive
Has made too deep Impression on thy Soul,
Nor is our State so desp'rate as thou think'st.
Lyc. Explain thy self, expound the dark Enigma.
Eur. These are not Hours for Pity and Remorse;
To make This safe, we must do greater Ills:
Now hear what I unfold, and know 'twas I
Put *Murrus* on the Deed, thou call'st our Ruin.
Lyc. Impossible! certain, my Ears abuse me.
Eur. Again I say, 'twas I; and these my Reasons.
When first I tamper'd with the haughty Youth,
Stern and averse to our Design I found him;
At length o'ercome by subtle Arguments,
Urg'd with Success, and tedious now to mention,
On one Condition he vouchsaf'd his Friendship:
And what was that, forsooth, but sole Dominion,
The Government entire without an Equal?
And this too by the *Tyrian* must be promis'd;
If not, he strait accus'd us to his Father;

Thus

Thus plung'd, I ſeem'd to yield; then wrought him up,
By Tales replete of jealous Circumſtance,
To act a Crime I knew muſt be his Ruin.
Lyc. How frail are all Confed'racies in Vice!
Where each at Heart has but his proper Good;
This granted, ſtill the Prieſthood had been mine. [*Aſide.*
Yet wherefore went he to the Field? when there,
Why did he not, like thee, keep free of Danger?
Eur. The Queſtion puzzles me:—yet now I have it.
[*Aſide.*
The firſt was unavoidable, the laſt
Occaſion'd by the ſtinging Taunts of *Fabius*;
Who loudly calling to keep Pace with him,
The fiery Youth ſprung thoughtleſs on his Fate.
But to our Purpoſe; from dead *Murrus*' Lips
Comes no Diſcov'ry; and it will beſeem
Thy Care, to ſee her Tongue may tell no Tales.
Lyc. Shall ſhe conceal th'Abettor of her Rape?
For ſuch, beſure, ſhe thinks me.
Eur.——See'ſt thou this? (*Offers him a Dagger.*
Lyc. 'Tis *Theron*'s Dagger.———
Eur.———In the Field he dropt it;
Take, plunge it in her Heart, then caſt it by her;
At his Propoſal was ſhe hither brought;
That Circumſtance with this, as I'll improve it,
Shall make the Deed ſeem his; there's home Revenge:
This done, ſecurely thou may'ſt greet the *Tyrian*;
To whom, whene'er I pleaſe, I can unriddle. [*Aſide.*
Lyc. Oh! horrid, monſtrous Villany! my Soul
Shrinks inward at the complicated Crimes:
But can'ſt thou think, I will commit this Murder?
Eur. I leave it to thyſelf, I am untouch'd
In this Affair, ſhe cannot me accuſe.
Lyc. By *Hercules*, ſhe ſhall; have I been made
Thy Property, the Tool of thy Ambition?
Remorſe and Vengeance both have ſeiz'd my Soul:
I will this Moment to the Governor,
To him declare the utmoſt that I know,

And

And by my Penitence deſerve my Pardon.
Eur. Thou canſt not mean it?
Lyc.——————That thou ſhalt ſoon perceive.
Eur. Curſe on the puny Traitor, half-ſtrain'd Villain!
[*Aſide.*
Wilt thou, in Raſhneſs, thus at once deſtroy
What we've with Care and immenſe Hazard brought
Juſt to a Criſis, and mature for Birth?
Lyc. Thou talk'ſt to Stones; I am determin'd, ſee.
[*Going.*
Eur. Yet let me ſtay thee. (*holding him.*)
Lyc.——————'Tis in vain; what, Ho!—
My Brethren, Brethren, Murder!
Eur.——————Thou do'ſt well,
Thus to inſtruct me; take with thee that and that,—
(*Stabs him.*
This too were right. (*As he goes to ſtab himſelf, enter Prieſts, who ſeize and prevent him.*
Lyc. Secure the horrid Villain;
Secure him from himſelf; that Death's too light
For Crimes like his: Convey me to my Cell;
Fly Some with your beſt Speed, and find out *Theron*;
To him, if my Breath laſts, I will unfold
A Tale that ſhall inflame and freeze his Blood.
[*Exit, carry'd by Prieſts.*

SCENE *changes to the Governor's Palace.*

Enter SICORIS *and* TIMANDRA.

Sic. Vain our Endeavours, vain is all Defence,
'Tis Oppoſition to the Will of Heav'n;
The partial Fates have doom'd *Saguntum*'s Walls,
And *Hercules* himſelf cannot protect
His City; down then level with the Earth,
Sink, noble Piles, ſo that in Fame you riſe
More great by Fall, ennobled by your Ruin:
But, Oh, my Child! when I behold thy Tears,

The

The Liv'ry of thy ſofter Sex's Nature,
My Soul too ſoftens, and I catch thy Fears.
Tim. Alas! my Father, for myſelf alone
Flow not the firſt, nor do the latter chill
My Heart; while I behold you ſafe, I fear,
I tremble for my Brother; and whom more,
Forgive me Modeſty, I love, for *Fabius:*
If *Murrus* fall, I ſhould bewail his Fate;
If *Fabius*, I ſhall be his Murderer.
Sic. Should Fate determine thus, yet were their Wounds
Glorious; in ſuch a Cauſe well would they die;
Thus, had their Years been mine, would I have fall'n;
Nor, like a doddard Oak with ſapleſs Arms
Expos'd to Winds, have waited the ſlow Ax.
Then dry thy Tears, and imitate thy Mother,
A Heroine, ſhe ſtill arm'd me for the Fight.
Tim. But had my Mother by Love's pow'rful Ties
Won you to arm, and urg'd you to the Field;
What would have been (had ſhe, what I have, ſeen)
Her Dread of Soul, and agonizing Fears?
But ſhe's at Peace, and hapleſs I; ſurvive
To know the Loſs of Lover, Father, Country.
Sic. Prepare thy Breaſt then to ſuſtain the Shock
For ſee! the Meſſenger of Fate approaches.

Enter THERON.

Thy Looks do more than ſpeak;—my Son is dead.
Oh, pow'rful Nature! Manhood, by thy Leave:
While to his Shade I pay this ſmall Oblation. [*Weeps.*
Ther. His Foes already have perform'd that Office,
And from their mangled Limbs wept purple Streams.
Sent to the gloomy Fields of *Stygian Jove*,
They grin, and flit before his dreaded Shade.
Tim. And art thou fall'n, dear Youth? and am I left,
The laſt ſhort Comfort of my Father's Age?
Poor, good old Man! how are thy pious Cares,

That

That form'd in Virtue's School two noble Sons,
To full Maturity of Worth and Honour,
Thus disappointed by the cruel War?
Who shall supply their Offices of Duty?
Who from the Foe guard thy defenceless Years?
There is but One;——perhaps, that One is not;
I dread, and yet must know: resolve me, *Theron*;
Speak, for thou know'st, that which I dare not ask.

Ther. I understand thy Meaning; *Fabius* lives.

Tim. Now Blessings on thy Tongue! but say, where is he?
Why comes he not?

Ther.——Too soon he will be here,
A Sight of Horror to thy wounded Eyes;
Yet such was his Desire, that on thy Bosom
He might pour out his Soul, and sink to Rest.

Tim. Cover me, Hills! ye Mountains, with your Groves,
Come, pitying, shadow me with sudden Night!
Oh! hide me from his Sight; deep at your Roots
Beneath the dusky Gloom o'erwhelm *Timandra*.
In the dark Caverns let me yell my Griefs,
Nor with my Shrieks disturb his parting Soul.

Sic. I feel new Grief; another Son I mourn.

Ther. Thy Son, indeed, I think; and sure he fought,
As if to *Murrus* he was more than Brother;
Nor was the Youth in Bravery behind him,
Or Race of Glory e'er more nobly run.

Tim. Oh, pompous Circumstance of fatal Woe!

Sic. Ah, happy Youths, how glorious are ye fall'n!

Ther. As when two able Mowers ready stand
Both at the Ends of their appointed Furrows,
With Emulation fir'd, each lusty Swain
Advances on his Side; in Heaps the Corn
Falls from the sweeping Scythes, and spreads the Land.
So fell the *Tyrians*, so with equal Steps
Did they push on, and gain upon their Foes;
At length, with horrid Strides, *Marmarick Othrys*,

Of Size enormous, and Gigantick Limbs,
Stalk'd forth their Ranks, and with his thund'ring Arm
Fell'd on his Knees thy Son; the Monſter ſtoop'd
To pierce his Breaſt, when with a noble Blow
The *Roman* ſever'd from the Trunk his Head.

Sic. It was a Godlike Deed, and well became
The brave Deſcendant of great *Hercules*.

Ther. It now was *Murrus*' Turn; when fierce *Acerras*,
Leader of their unbridled Horſe, came on,
And, wheeling round with oblique Force, at once
O'er-run the *Roman* with his furious Steed;
Full at the Courſer's Temples *Murrus* threw
A whirling Lance, that pierc'd through either Ear;
Mad with the Pain, in Air aloft he rear'd,
Then, floundring back, cruſh'd with his Weight the Rider.

Sic. It joys my Soul, to hear my Son repaid
The Debt of Honour.

Tim.——————But, alas! in vain.

Ther. The Gods would have it ſo; their Fate was nigh,
For *Hannibal*, enrag'd, himſelf advanc'd
On *Murrus*, whom with his protended Spear
He ſtruck to Earth, never again to riſe.
This *Fabius* ſaw, and with indignant Rage
Cry'd, For Reward take this, curſt *Carthaginian*;
With Might collected toſs'd he then his Lance;
It flew, it reach'd his Thigh, and, quiv'ring there,
Drank deep the Blood; his Squadrons ſtraight pour'd in,
When *Fabius* ſoon appear'd all o'er one Wound;
Curtius and I ruſh'd forward to his Reſcue,
Which, obſtinate to win, or die, we forc'd;
Then, whilſt we made a ſlow retreating Fight,
Our Men bore from the Field the dying Hero.

Enter a PRIEST, *and whispers* THERON.

How! in the Temple stab'd? I follow thee. [*Exit Priest.*

Enter CURTIUS, FABIUS *brought in by Soldiers.*

But, lo! what of itself might drive me hence. [*Exit.*

[Timandra *runs towards* Fabius, *but stops short.*

Tim. Oh, *Fabius!* oh, my Love! oh Horror! Horror!

Oh, *Gorgon* Sight, that turns me to a Stone!
My Blood congeals, and ev'ry stiff'ning Joint
Loses its Sense, and ministerial Function;
Fix'd to the Earth, like *Niobe*, I stand
A Monument of Woe, a breathing Statue.

Fab. Once more, *Timandra*, am I blest to see thee,
To take a sad Farewell, and breath my last.

Tim. Oh, how shall I approach thee, *Fabius!* how,
Behold thy swimming Eyes that roll in Death!
Do not thy discontinuous Wounds reproach,
And keep at awful Distance, lost *Timandra?*
Else would I clasp thee bleeding as thou art,
And give a Loose to Love, and wild Despair.

Fab. Lost be that Thought! thou wer't but Fate's kind Agent
To clear my Fame, and wake my nodding Virtue;
And Heav'n can witness, I alone in Death
Regret, that for thy Safety I'm no more.

Tim. Forbear this Tenderness; oh, cease to be
Thus wondrous kind, thus exquisitely good!
Thy Generosity but more distracts me,
And sinks me lower with oppressive Grief.
Shall then my Safety be thy latest Care?
Oh, spare thee that Concern! 'tis needless all.
When thou art gone, Despair will soon point out
The Means of Safety, and a Place of Rest.

Fal. Expect, I charge thee, Heav'n's appointed Time;

And

And ſure, I think, thou haſt not long to wait;
Then ſhall thy Soul unſpotted reach the Plains,
Where the bleſt Shades enjoy their well-earn'd Bliſs;
There on the Borders will I wait thy Coming,
And hail thee firſt from *Charon*'s ſluggiſh Boat;
Thence lead to ſecret Groves, where faithful Lovers
Meet their Reward in never-ending Joys.
Draw near, old Man, I would have call'd thee Father;
Yet, e'er I die, receive me as thy Son. [*To* Sicoris.
Curtius, I go, now take me to thy Arms;
For mine, alas! cannot infold my Friend:
Remember well thy Promiſe, 'tis to live,
And, while the Fates permit, defend *Timandra*.
To you, oh Gods! that from my Country's Name
This foul Diſhonour may be waſh'd away,
Is *Fabius*'s laſt Pray'r. [*Dies.*

Tim. Alas! he's gone!
His Heart forgets to beat, his Eyes to move,
While mine are dry with Grief and ſtupid Sorrow;
Burſt, burſt, my Heart! 'tis that alone can eaſe thee.
[*Swoons, and is carry'd off.*

Sic. To her Apartment bear the mourning Maid.

Cur. He had my Promiſe, *Sicoris*, which I'll keep:
For, but to guard thy Daughter, *Curtius* lives.

Sic. Short then ſhall be thy Care, and Stay behind him;
For know, this Night, the People are determin'd,
Firing the Town, to lay themſelves in Aſhes;
To-morrow's riſing Sun ſhall ſee the Tow'rs,
He us'd to gild, lie ſmoaking on the Ground.

Cur. Amazing, but moſt glorious Reſolution!

Sic. Convey thou to the Temple thy dead Friend;
There I and *Theron*, with our chief *Saguntines*,
Beneath the ſacred Roof deſign to fall.

Cur. Take up the ill-ſtar'd Hero; greatly now
Shall his illuſtrious Shade deſcend, while Fame rewards
His ev'ry noble Action, martial Toil:

And a whole City is his Fun'ral Pile. [*Exit with the Body.*

Sic. Now to my Child; yet oh! how ſhall I break
To ſuch a tender Heart our dreadful Purpoſe?
But Fate, I hope, has arm'd her for the Blow.

As he goes out, enter a PRIEST *to him.*

Prieſt. *Theron* requires thy Preſence at the Temple,
And bids me ſay, Treaſon thy Sentence waits.

Sic. How, Treaſon, ſay'ſt thou! ſure that comes too late!
But my own Cares muſt to the publick yield.
[*Exit with the Prieſt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter an UNDER-PRIEST *and* SAGUNTINES.

Prie. Hither I've call'd you to ſee Juſtice done;
He, who before abus'd your credulous Ears,
Would, on this Night, have giv'n you up to Ruin.

1ſt *Sag.* Oh, Crime unparallel'd!

2d *Sag.*——————Oh, horrid Monſter!

3d *Sag.* We'll rend him Limb from Limb, and each *Saguntine*
In his torn Carcaſs glut their great Revenge.

Enter CURTIUS *with the Body of* FABIUS.

Cur. See there, *Saguntines!* ſee the Traitor *Fabius*,
Him, whom your mean Suſpicions baſely wrong'd:
Behold his num'rous Wounds, and then, perforce,
You muſt confeſs there was One noble *Roman*.

1ſt *Sag.* Aſham'd, we own his Worth, thine too we know.

2d *Sag.* Oh, had thy Country lent us but her Aid!

3d *Sag.* And ſure we well deſerv'd it at her Hands!

Cur.

Cur. Their brave Reproaches ſting me to the Soul.
[*Aſide.*

Enter from the Temple SICORIS *with* EURYDAMAS *bound.*

Sic. Oh thou, for whom my Tongue can find no Name!
Say, what could move thee to ſuch monſtrous Crimes?
To wanton Villanies, luxuriant Evils!
Was not thy Country's Ruin ample Miſchief?
But that with curſed Arts thou ſhouldſt ſeduce
Thy near related Friend, train'd up in Virtue,
To perpetrate a Deed, muſt ſhock his Nature.

Eur. For That, perhaps, I had a ſecret Reaſon;
But trouble me no more with idle Queſtions;
I'm in thy Pow'r, and I expect my Fate:
Yet there, at leaſt, my Plots have anſwer'd well.
[*pointing to the Body.*

Cur. Oh, execrable Villain! doſt thou boaſt
A Plot too in his Death! Oh, ſet him free,
Saguntines! Sicoris, give him to my Sword.

Sic. Suppreſs thy Rage; that were to make his Death
Noble, not ignominious as he merits.
Hence, drag him to the Tow'r o'erlooks the Gate,
Which his perfidious Hands ſhould have unbarr'd;
There give th'appointed Signal, and when they,
Elate with Hope, and eager Expectation
Of well-concerted Fraud, and *Tyrian* Guile,
Approach our Walls, and think the City theirs,
Hurl him precipitated on their Heads;
Now let them learn *Saguntum*'s ſteady Juſtice,
Her Patience, Fortitude, and unexampled Bravery,
Her more than human Conſtancy to Friends:
For us, my Countrymen, we may with Pride exult,
(The Partner of his Crime, tho' late, repenting,)
One ſingle Traitor did theſe Walls contain,
And him our juſt Revenge has found; nor ſhall

His

His caitiff Duſt, in the laſt glorious Scene,
Which, big with Horror, Fate now opens on us,
Mingling with ours, pollute the honeſt Heap.
Eur. How I contemn the Death, to which I go!
Thy little Malice, and this wiſe Harangue!
A ſingle Traitor, ſaidſt thou! ſingle Patriot!
Who would from Ruin have preſerv'd his Country.
Farewel, ye virtuous Ideots! in Reward
Of all your Suff'rings, let the *Romans* ſay,
The faithful Fools deſerv'd a better Fate.
[*is carry'd off.*
Sic. To his own Home, now ev'ry one repair,
Take from his Family a laſt Embrace,
Invoke the Gods, then ſet it in a Blaze.
1 *Sag.* We are prepar'd.
Omn.———Oh, Governor, farewel.
[*Exeunt* Sag.
Sic. Now, *Hercules*, look down, and own a People,
That, in their noble Deaths, have thee in View.

Enter THERON, *leading* CANDACE.

Exchange Forgiveneſs with me, injur'd Queen;
Fatal t'each other have our Houſes prov'd:
Pity a Father, that's oblig'd to mourn
A Son's moſt horrid Action, not his Death:
What only Reparation I can offer,
Is Liberty; this Moment thou art free;
Without our Walls thou ſhalt be ſafe conducted.
Can. My Soul diſdains it: Shall the ſtain'd *Candace*
Bear Violation to her Friends, and o'er
Her warlike Maids reign their polluted Queen?
Forbid it, Modeſty! forbid it, *Jove*,
My glorious Anceſtor! That, too, forbids,
[*pointing to the Body.*
That diſmal Spectacle: Oh, cruel Youth!
How wan! how cold! ſtill wer't thou ſo to me:
This ſhall be kinder than its Maſter was,

And

And give me Peace. Now, gracious *Ammon*, take
Thy injur'd Daughter, and avenge her Wrongs.
[*Snatches the Sword of* Fabius, *ſtabs herſelf, and falls.*

Curt. There fled her furious Soul.

Ther. It was well aim'd,
Home to the Heart, a ſure, and ſpeeding Blow.

Sic. Take up the Bodies, bear them to the Temple.
[*They are carry'd off.*

Enter an Attendant of TIMANDRA.

Attend. Ah! Sir, your Daughter, ſeiz'd by ſudden Madneſs,
Broke from the Arms of her attending Virgins,
And ruſhing from the Palace, as ſhe paſt,
From a *Saguntine* Hand, prepar'd for Ruin,
She ſnatch'd a flaming Torch, and hither bends.

Enter TIMANDRA *diſtracted, with a Torch in her Hand.*

Tim. Where, where's the Bridegroom? where is the dear Man?
Speak, thou his Friend, for I am come to claim him.
My Father here! O ſacred Sir! your Bleſſing;
Theſe are my Nuptials, This the Torch of *Hymen.*
The Temple open! then he waits me there.

Cur. He does, indeed! ---but dead.

Tim. Why then I'll fire
The lofty Pile, and make it his vaſt Urn;
So gently creeping ſteal me to his Side,
And mount together in the glorious Flames.
[*Exit running into the* Temple.

Sic. Alas! poor Girl! the Gods I think inſpire,
In ſoft Compaſſion to thee, this kind Frenzy.
Now, *Theron*, let's embrace; thy Arm too, *Roman*;
[to *Curt.*
Once more: 'tis well; proceed we to the Temple.

Ther. Yet hold! --- what's This that ſtarts and bounds within me?
That tears, and ſtruggling thus dilates my Breaſt?
'Tis Inſpiration! 'tis our glorious God!
That deigns this Honour to his dying Servant;
Who, with my Boſom, has enlarg'd my Mind,
And gives me now to ſee into hereafter:
And thus the Proſpect ſtands; —— Behold! Behold!
From theſe ſad Ruins, flaming to the Skies,
A new *Saguntum*, *Phœnix* like, ariſe;
Her Sons, like us, ſhall Liberty maintain,
And in their Faith inviolate Remain:
But when as circling Years have roll'd their Round,
O'er various Realms ſhall Tyranny abound;
A mighty Nation then ſhall Heav'n ordain
To curb th'Oppreſſor, and to break his Chain;
A gen'rous People, that delight to ſave,
Pleas'd from the Tyrant to ſet free the Slave,
Polite as *Romans*, and as *Romans* brave.
Hail, glorious Warriours! welcome to our Shore;
With Joy I hear your future Engines roar;
With theſe combin'd ſhall mighty Deeds be done,
I ſee *Iberia*'s Empire ſoon o'errun:
But, ah! what Star malign would ſhew its Face?
Shall the ſame Fortune ſtill attend our Race?
'Tis paſt: a ſickning Cloud obſcures the Reſt,
And the relenting God forſakes my tortur'd Breaſt.
Sic. Whate'er it be thy myſtick Words imply,
If plung'd by Fate theſe ſad Extremes we try,
And conſtant in our Leagues, and Liberty we die;
Saguntum's gen'rous Fires ſhall blaze with Fame,
And late Poſterity record her Name.

Curtain falls.

The END.

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